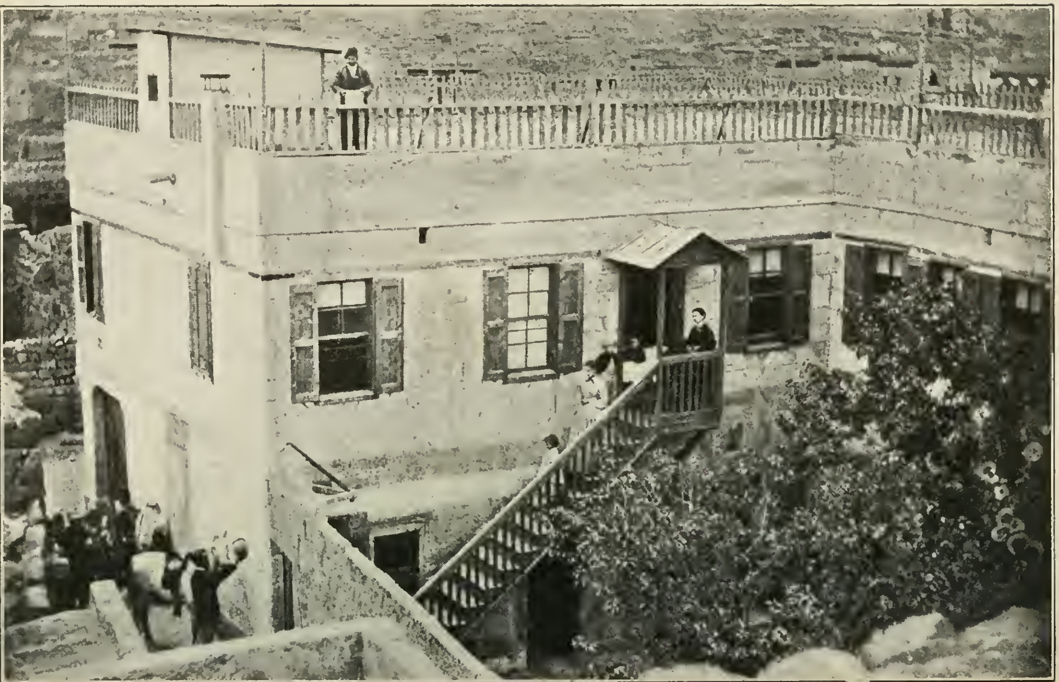
IN THE LAND OF ARARAT

JOHN OTIS BARROWS





IN THE LAND OF ARARAT



THE HOUSE IN CESAREA IN WHICH MRS. USSHER WAS BORN

IN THE LAND OF ARARAT

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MRS. ELIZABETH FREEMAN BARROWS USSHER, MISSIONARY TO TURKEY AND A MARTYR OF THE GREAT WAR

BY

JOHN OTIS BARROWS

With Introduction by

REV. JAMES L. BARTON, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED



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To

AMERICAN SCHOOL-GIRLS

WHO DURING THEIR DAYS OF STUDY ARE MOVED BY

ASPIRATIONS TO ATTAIN TO THE HIGHEST

Excellence in Character and Usefulness,

THIS VOLUME, CONTAINING SOME GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE

OF ONE OF THEIR NUMBER,

Is Inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

THE power of a devoted life, given without reserve to the service of God, can not be measured in any terms used by men. When that life, in rendering the service to which it has consecrated itself, is compelled to face conditions which lead to an early death, interest in it and influences that emanate from it are vastly multiplied. Such was the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman Barrows Ussher, born in ancient Cappadocia, but, after early childhood, reared in the Christian atmosphere of a New England home, refined, educated, devoted to the cause of Christ in the Turkish empire, called upon by a combination of circumstances connected with her life in Turkey to face unusual hardships and perils throughout the larger period of her entire missionary service, and yet meeting opportunities for service as unusual as were the conditions of hardship and peril.

Mrs. Ussher was one of the many who were called upon to meet face to face the trials incident upon the entrance of Turkey into the great war, and growing primarily out of the traditional hatred existing between the Turk

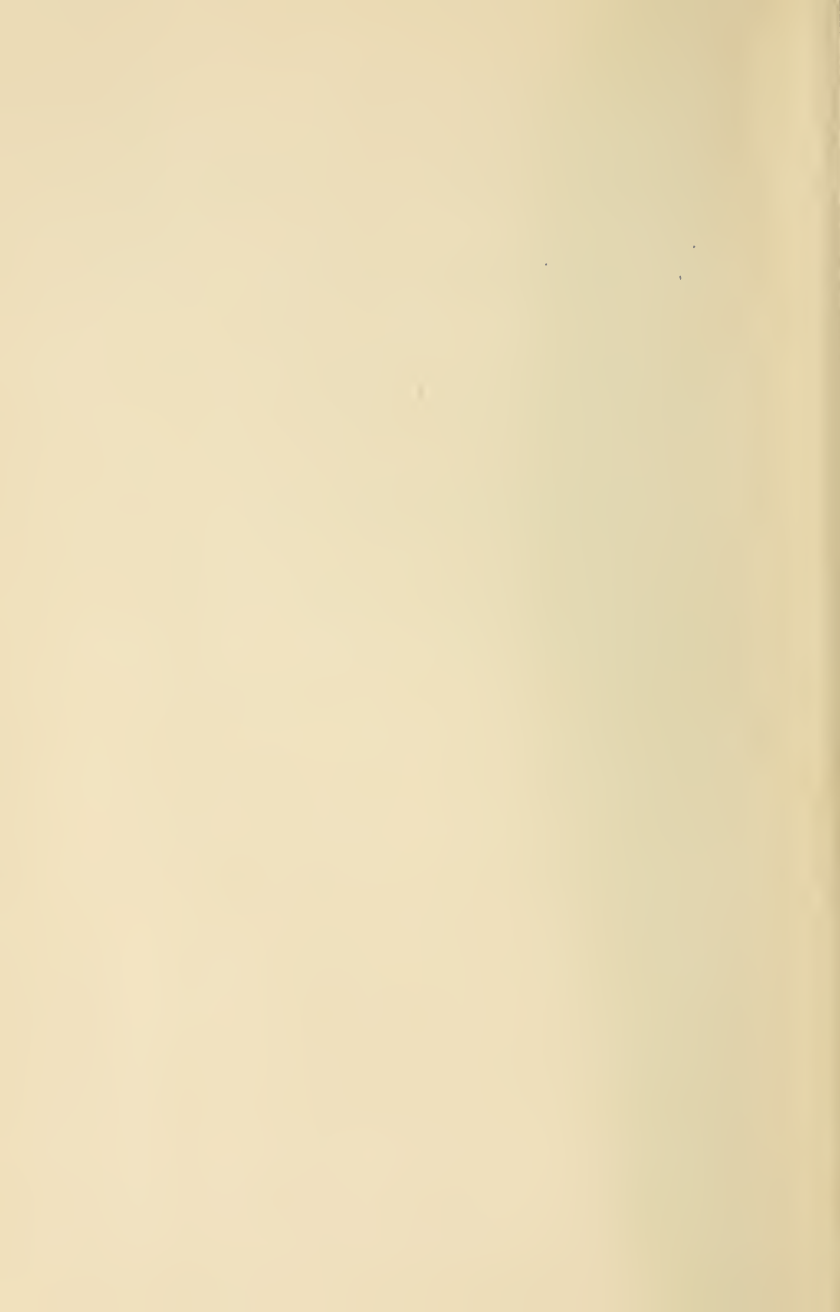
and the Armenian. Throughout it all, she was the same brave, unselfish little woman that she had revealed herself to be during her entire missionary career. In the midst of the siege of Van, her calm performance of every duty, her quickness to discover opportunities of rendering service to others, was an inspiration to all her associates, and was a revelation, to both Christian and Moslem, of the Christ who ruled her life.

It seems to us to be an inexplicable providence that demanded that her young but fruitful life be laid upon the altar of God so near the close of a series of events full of peril to all. It is a providence we do not need to try to understand, but one that puts new emphasis upon the story of this brave and consecrated life, so admirably presented in this little volume prepared by the devoted father. The story of this life is not only a demonstration of the faith and courage and triumph of one who gave herself without reserve to her Lord, but it carries with it an inspiration to others who would make their lives count in the hard places of the world, revealing the opportunities for service so little grasped by those who live in the comfort and enjoy the privileges of a great free country like America. One can not read this volume without raising the question as to who will take up the task and carry on this work to

its inevitable triumph. In the language of the poet,

> "He who, in fealty to the truth,
> And counting all the cost,
> Doth consecrate his generous youth—
> He joins the noble host.
>
> He who, with calm, undaunted will,
> Ne'er counts the battle lost,
> But, though defeated, battles still—
> He joins the faithful host.
>
> He who is ready for the cross,
> The cause despised loves most,
> And shuns not pain or shame or loss—
> He joins the martyr host.
>
> God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world;
> Now each man to his post!
> The red-cross banner is unfurled;
> We join the glorious host."

JAMES L. BARTON.



PREFACE

IN this little volume I have attempted to gather up some of the salient features of the life of my daughter, who, in Turkish Armenia, in the summer of 1915, literally gave herself, and all that was dearest to herself, in the endeavour to save, from the wretchedness of death by starvation, Mohammedan mothers and their little children, gathered in crowds about her door. And this in the hope that others, incited by the spirit of her example, may, when necessity calls, be ready to undertake some similar work for suffering humanity, even though they must face perils as great as were hers. Such have only to remember that "God stands within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

In this narrative I have included some things which, in recalling them, have sometimes made it necessary for me to wait till the blur should pass from my eyes. That one of our children, who had been together for so long time the light and joy of our home, must now be left in a lone, unmarked grave, in a strange and far-away land—in a grave on which no tear of affection would ever fall—this was a

thought almost unbearable. But the truth soon came to have control. *She* was not there. Neither had she flown away, millions of millions of miles, " beyond the stars." It is probable that the eternal life of the spirit is not conditioned by what we now call " here " and " there."

While we were rejoicing that the members of the Van station had been freed from the terrors of the siege and their relentless foes, and that all, as we supposed, were safe and well, suddenly sad news came to the American Board. It was sent to us by telegraph, and repeated to our home by telephone. Its words were few, but freighted with a startling meaning. In slowly measured accents, as if the speaker at the end of the line was fearing to tell us what she knew, she at last gave her message: Mrs. Ussher had entered into rest! So sudden was the blow that it fell with well-nigh crushing weight upon us all; but especially did her older sister feel it. It seemed to her that it must not be so. The burden became so great as to deprive her of needed sleep and rest. But in regard to an experience that she then had, she may be introduced, and so speak for herself. " A little time after we had received the news of my sister's death, one night, when I had retired, I began to wonder, with a feeling akin to rebellion, why this cruel war should be,

and why my sister must be taken from us, and why my father and mother, in their last days, must carry such a burden of sorrow, when suddenly my sister herself seemed to be close beside me! She looked up, but oh, so beautiful she was! She had not changed in appearance except that there was a beauty which is not of this world, a beauty that neither tongue nor pen can describe. She pronounced my name so distinctly that it startled me; yet I was so awed that I could do nothing but just lie perfectly quiet and listen. She said: 'You are grieving for me; don't grieve. You do not know God's plan; I do. I can see from the beginning to the end; you can not. There is a veil before the eyes of the people on your earth; they can not now see what the end is to be.'

"She then spoke my name again, very distinctly, and said: 'You are grieving for my little ones; don't grieve. I know all about my children, and I am happy.' Then with a look of beauty that I shall never forget she vanished from my sight.

"My sorrow and rebellious feeling entirely left me, and a great peace came into my heart, so that in a few minutes I fell asleep, and I slept all night. The next morning I could think of nothing but the beautiful vision, and I felt like singing all the day.

"I am sure that God sent my sister to me to comfort me, and to give me an obedient, trustful spirit—of sweet peace."

I have now related, simply and truthfully, a fact of experience in my own household. I do not attempt to offer any explanation.

I suppose the reply may be that my daughter was asleep, and so dreamed what she has related. But she says she knows whereof she affirms, and that she was not asleep.

But whatever may be true or false in human experiences, let us know that God sits on his eternal throne of love, and that, trusting in him, we are safe.

J. O. B.

NORWICH, CONN.

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CENTRAL
MESOPOTAMIA
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ALEXANDRETTA
ANTIOCH
ALEPPO
KESSAB

I

EARLY DAYS

IN the old city of Kaiserieh, or Cesarea, the ancient Mazaca, situated at the foot of Mt. Argeus, the highest land in Asia Minor, there had been for some years the homes of a little band of American men and women. These had chosen to spend their lives there for the sake of the good they might thus do to the people around about them. On the 20th day of October, 1873, a babe was born into this missionary circle. It was named Elizabeth. She was greeted with gladness by all, but she failed to appreciate the welcome given her. She soon began to cry, and she continued to cry, and would not be comforted. It was evident that her circumstances did not contribute to her enjoyment. Or else her internal condition was unsatisfactory.

However it might be, it seemed as if she was allowing herself to cherish ingratitude for favours received. For so it was that one of the missionaries, Mrs. Elizabeth Giles, for whom,

in part, the baby was named, took the little newcomer to her great loving heart, and literally carried her in her bosom, while, for long periods, she would walk the floor of her room in the effort to impart a soothing influence; but often with indifferent results. At the same time she cared for her own little fatherless boy. Dr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, also, were ready to lend a helping hand. Their experience in training their own household enabled them to render assistance to others in that wise and gentle way which makes assistance doubly valuable: and this they were ever ready to do. What they had done for their own, what they could accomplish in domestic instruction, has been abundantly demonstrated in the honourable record of the "Farnsworth Children."

In addition to these, so capable and so kind —senior members of the station—there were others whose interest in the welfare of their neighbours was unsurpassed. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett had taught their only child to regard service rendered to others as the highest end of living, as has been witnessed in her self-denying efforts to introducee Christian kindergarten instruction into the schools of Asia Minor. There was also Miss Closson, a devoted and successful worker among women; and



LITTLE LIZZIE AT TWO YEARS

Miss Griswold, who later became the wife of Dr. H. O. Dwight of Constantinople, and the mother of a missionary now in the field; also of a rising young writer in the literary world. Into such society was the little baby born, and yet she failed to appreciate the favouring circumstances, and continued to cry. And what was a still more serious fault, possibly, she took no notice of good Doctor West, who had come three days' journey from Sivas, expressly to welcome her into the world! But while all this, and much more of a like character, must be acknowledged, it is a great pleasure to be able to say that Little Lizzie,—as she began to be called,—after many days, did come to herself, and to a better way of looking upon the world of which she constituted so minute a portion. From this time the evidence of rudimentary possibilities of gratitude, and of reciprocating attachment to her many loving friends, was no longer wanting.

When she was two years old, for the sake of her brother, who was suffering from hip-joint disease, and who had found the severely cold winters of Cesarea to aggravate his trouble, it was decided by the mission that her father and mother remove to Magnesia, or Manisa, as the place is often called, about 40 miles inland from

Smyrna. The journey was by the way of the Black Sea and Constantinople. To reach the sea, the mother and her lame boy, and Lizzie, rode in a sort of rude palanquin, supported by the backs of two horses instead of men's shoulders, and called in Turkish by the euphonious name of tâktravâhn. This contrivance could furnish a fairly comfortable way of getting along; but on rough roads and on steep mountain sides it would sometimes subject the passenger to an excessive amount of uncertain equilibrium. The two children enjoyed the novelty of their experience more keenly than did their mother, while a third child rode with her father on his horse.

The stay of a few days at the wonderful Ottoman Capital was made very pleasant and restful by the thoughtfully kind men and women who then composed the missionary circle there. To note only a part of these would savour of invidious comparison—they were all so very attentive to the wants of their guests. One, however, can hardly forbear mentioning the venerable scholar, Dr. Elias Riggs, and Mrs. Riggs. To make their acquaintance was to make one's life happier ever afterwards. And thus to refer to the oldest members of the station tempts one to turn back to the youngest. She had just been

brought from the Eastern Turkey mission, to assist in the then newly organized Home School for Girls in Scutari. She has since earned an enviable name in the world of education and Christian culture.

During this stay in Constantinople little Lizzie had her first picture taken. It shows the then characteristic timidity of the child; but, while not well understanding the part which she was to take in the process—to keep still—she turned the eyes of her forward leaning face upward. This fact might be taken as prophetic of her after life. She always looked up, and never down.

Arriving at Manisa, the tired travellers received such a cordial and happy greeting that the hardships of the journey were soon forgotten. Dr. and Mrs. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Miss Cull, and Miss Powers were persons who did much to make the condition of their associates pleasant and hopeful. They possessed in an eminent degree those characteristics which make mission stations places for the cultivation of beautiful and abiding friendships. This is one reason why missionaries are the happiest people in the world.

The house then occupied by the missionaries at Manisa had once been the home of the ladies

of a Turkish harem. Its spacious hall had a very smooth marble floor. In running over this, Lizzie caught many a fall. And usually she would pitch forward, striking her forehead. Her head seemed to be too heavy for her body, and with small feet she would lose her balance. These falls were so serious as to occasion some concern. In one or two places the bruises caused the skin to attach itself to the bone beneath, and thus it remained.

The little girl was very backward in learning to talk, although her efforts to make her own dialect intelligible were commendably persistent. Her father remembers well how, one hot day in summer, she came to the open door of his study, and, dressed in her little white frock, she took a position just inside, and began making a great variety of articulate sounds, and putting in all the appropriate gestures; yet in this formal address not uttering one single word that could be understood. She was listened to with very great interest, and her effort received deserved applause.

The climate of Manisa proved favourable for the invalid boy, but his mother could not endure the heat of the summer there. So a second removal became necessary; this time it was to Constantinople. A home was found in

one of the suburbs of the city called Beshik Tash. Here was the principal summer palace of the Sultan, the Yulduz Kiosk. The views from the house thus secured were most charming. From its windows, opening towards the Bosphorus, the eye could take in, at one sweep, a large part of the Sea of Marmora, with its islands, and the blue hills beyond; while, in the nearer view, was Seraglio Point, of so great historic interest, with its monuments and its old palace of the sultans, reaching out into the water. On the opposite shore was the site of ancient Chalcedon, famous for its council, and also the large city of Scutari, with its white houses and its background of dark cypress; then, farther above, were green hillsides and valleys, with shady walks and gardens and fountains, pretty kiosks and little palaces—places of summer resort. In addition to all, on the swift-flowing waters at one's feet, were sailing craft of various kinds, while in the harbour below ships with the flags of many nations, bearing the commerce of the seas, or waiting at the service of the ambassadors to the Sublime Porte. This striking panorama ministered to the daily enjoyment of the missionary family; and here the little girl of our story, we may be sure, began to receive impressions that could not be wholly

lost. And another characteristic of this missionary home may be mentioned as possibly having had some influence in the mental development of the children of the household. The Sultan had two bands, made up of imported musicians, who discoursed fine music almost every day in the week; these were sometimes within the palace, but more often seated on the ground between the palace and the missionary residence. This music had a peculiar charm, especially as, on a warm summer evening, it would come in at the open windows, bidding Morpheus keep himself at a little distance, although he might have been invited to come at about that time.

Sometimes Lizzie's father would take her with him when he went to the city by the ferry boat. Her hair was clipped short, and her dress was not greatly unlike that worn by some of the little boys living about her. So it not infrequently happened that the dignified Turks on board the boat would call the little "boy" to themselves, and perhaps entertain "him" with sweetmeats, as they would praise the beauty of the child. Had they known that their little pet was a girl their praise would have been more scantily bestowed.

When Lizzie was seven years old her father was granted a furlough of a year, to visit



CONSTANTINOPLE

America. But at the expiration of this time, the condition of the lame boy demanding serious attention, and because of the possibility of improvement through a course of treatment which would necessitate constant care for a considerable time, it seemed best to ask for dismission from the Board. This was granted. Thus the missionary family found for itself a home again in a New England parsonage. Lizzie was then the third of the four children who made that home bright and happy.

II

IN THE NEW ENGLAND PARSONAGE

IF we regard what Nature only has done in providing for one's self a home, it would be difficult to find a place more to be desired than some of the suburbs of the city of Constantinople. But however much a place in one of these may excel in remarkable conditions, in simple material loveliness, there is in home-making something of greater importance to be taken into account. And even the highest beauty, after all, can not arise from that which is material only. To one who is familiar with it, the landscape has a beauty which is not originally all its own. It has been imparted to it through the lives of those who have been associated with it, or we may say, bound up in it. The man returns to the old homestead, and to the farm, where he was born and was brought up. It may be a rough, a lonely, an unsightly place, but it has a peculiar charm for him. If it has a degree of natural beauty, so much more does he love the old home. But, in either case, there is an at-

tractiveness to him which is not material; it is spiritual. It belongs to the place because of the lives that have been lived there. And such a beauty attaches to many of the homes of New England, to its hills and its valleys, in the thoughts of its sons and its sons' sons. It was such a beauty, added to the natural attractiveness of its hills, that characterized the town of Atkinson, New Hampshire, when our Lizzie, at the age of eight years, was brought by her parents to live in the Congregational parsonage. In addition to the loveliness of the view from the heights, overlooking the valley of the Merrimac, and the serenity of their atmosphere, there was a beauty and a purity of the life of the place, because of those who had lived there before, which was lacking on the banks of the Bosphorus, however delightfully charming the works of simple Nature might be there. The religious atmosphere of Atkinson had a salutary influence upon the children who came to live in it, and to breathe it. The lame boy had made confession of his Christian faith while in Constantinople; but the two older of the girls were received to the communion of the church while living in Atkinson. Some of the children of the parish formed a little praying circle, not technically called a Christian Endeavour So-

ciety—for such were hardly known then—but it was in the best sense a class of Christian Endeavourers. It is well remembered how little Lizzie, who was probably the youngest of them, would, not only in the presence of her own circle but of older persons as well, kneel down and offer her simple prayer. She was eleven years old when received into the church.

But now another removal seemed desirable. This was not from any dissatisfaction cherished by either minister or people. The parting from the kind, true-hearted Christians of Atkinson was an occasion of keen regret—a regret which was mutual. The new home was at Newington, Connecticut. Here the missionary family received manifestations of a Christian love as true and tender as that which had characterized the people whom they had left. Here Lizzie attended the grammar school, taught by one who had the happy faculty of impressing upon the minds and hearts of her pupils something of her own unselfish love to all. From this noble woman, as well as from her Sunday school teacher, the young girl began to receive impressions which were to be abiding. Here she began more intelligently to lay foundations on which she raised the structure of her after life.

And we would notice, first of all, that she here



ELIZABETH FREEMAN BARROWS
AT FOURTEEN YEARS

began more perceptibly to develop an unusual strength of will. She had "a mind of her own," which was very apparent in all that she did. On this account the guiding mind of her mother did not always gain the wished-for point of attainment without effort. By this it is not meant that the child manifested a spirit of stubbornness in any bad sense of the word. But in all matters she very thoughtfully "made up her mind," and it was very hard for her to see, sometimes, that the "making up" of her parents' mind should take precedence. This element of her disposition was manifest even in what we have related of her infancy. Such a characteristic of a child's inheritance does not make the guiding work of the parent, in leading to a more complete maturity of development, an easy task, but when it is "sanctified," and so "made fit for the Master's use," it makes possible an after life of a more positive character, and of a more enlarged usefulness. What at first may seem to be only a fault comes to be a necessary condition of a preparation for the best attainment.

Another thing which we may notice in the growth of the child's life among the good people of Newington, was the kindling in her heart of an unquenchable desire for a liberal education. She was permitted by her parents to hope

she might have the training of the high school, or the academy; but that was not enough; she looked beyond that. The full college course was the goal of her desire. And although she could not then be promised the means of its attainment, she ever kept her purpose in mind; for not a moment would she let go of it. So with this hope she entered Mr. Moody's School at Northfield, in 1888, when she was nearly fifteen years of age.

III

AT SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

IT was a great event in the life of Lizzie Barrows when she entered upon a course of study at Northfield Seminary. And from this time on we must speak of her as "Beth," for so her schoolmates began to call her. But perhaps the reader will here ask, "Why should we not have come at once to her womanhood, and to the part which she took in the world of Christian thought and activity? We find nothing of very peculiar interest in her childhood. She appears to have been much like other little children." And to this it is replied that she was very much like other little children. She was not precocious nor wonderful. It is true that she inherited something from the Pilgrim blood that once flowed in the veins of John Robinson of Leyden, and also of Governor Bradford of Colonial fame; but her immediate ancestors, on either side of the house, were plain people who had little to recommend them except that they tried to live honest and respect-

able lives, and to be, if possible, a good and not an injury to their neighbours and friends. And she herself was a plain little girl, with some of the good qualities, and some of the faults, in varying proportions, that characterize most other little girls. And indeed it is on this very account that a view of her early days is made to constitute a part of the picture which we are attempting to draw. It is of this picture the background, showing that the more mature development of her after life, and what she accomplished, was not chiefly from any inherited superiority, but because the life of God came to be in her life the motive power of all notable achievement. Her life was no longer hers alone. Into it there was transfused somewhat of the divine. So it was that there came to be in her life that which may well be recorded for the encouragement of such as aspire to the highest achievements in Christian service. And this new life into which she entered was not a suddenly imparted gift, once for all; it was the energizing force behind the developing activity, which activity had a natural growth. Yet in the truest sense it was divine. It was in and through nature, but not of it. It began in her life with the first dawning of Christian thought and purpose. When she was so ready "to take

her part" in the little praying circle at Atkinson she began to be moved by this divine impulse. At that time, however, she saw but a little way ahead, and her childhood was not perfection. She had much to learn if she would achieve. And the three years at Newington served, in some good degree, to clarify her thought and to strengthen her best purposes. But at Northfield she found herself in a new religious world. Not, indeed, new in kind, but in depth and intensity, and of enlarged opportunity in "the practice of the presence of God." The influence of the school was very positively religious. In all respects it would be of the best, but in its religious life it had few equals. It set before the girls the highest ideals; and these not as theories, but as practical possibilities. As to Beth, however, there was in her thought one condition of their highest realization—she must have the more complete training of the college. Nothing in her circumstances could then give the wished-for promise of the fulfilment of such hopes; yet she cherished them just the same. And in addition to this, she could not shake off the feeling of obligation to accomplish a certain thing in her life work; and she was sure that obligation and opportunity are inseparably connected. And yet no good end is ever reached

except through the use of the appropriate means. So she chose to remain an extra year at Northfield that she might be thoroughly fitted for her college course, while as yet no college door was open before her, to the north or the south, to the east or the west. Only her faith remained with her. On her graduation, the object of her ambition seemed no nearer than before. Yet she still believed some college would some day grant her admission. So she returned to her father's house—then in Stonington, Connecticut—and engaged in teaching a district school. At the end of the year, through the kindness of a friend in Newington, she was made sure of such assistance as enabled her to enter The Woman's College (now Goucher College) in Baltimore. This friend was also an instructor in the College. And so the fond dream of the years began to be realized. This was in 1895.

And now to return for another glance at her life at Northfield. One of her classmates writes:

"The portrayal of the life of a beloved classmate during the period of her school days proves a delicate task, but one well worth undertaking, if, by so doing, some of the inspiration and helpfulness which her life lent to those

who knew her best can be passed on to others of earlier or later years.

"'Beth' Barrows, as she was known to her schoolmates, became a member of the East Hall family in 1888. Though one of the younger girls of a large group, her personality stood out with cameo clearness and possessed a winsome charm which it is difficult to describe. She was recognized by girls and teachers as gifted with unusual intellectual endowments, a sunny disposition, and unfailing strength of purpose. 'Beth' was also fun-loving, but her fun was pure and wholesome, and never was her sense of humour tinged with even a suggestion of unkindness. The source of her strength of character doubtless lay in an abiding and deep-rooted sincerity of spirit, which ever imparted to her features and manner the gentle dignity so suggestive of true worth.

"With the organization of the class of 1894 opportunity came for closer association with her classmates, and at the beginning of her senior year she was elected vice-president of her class. Later she became acting president. She was also closely associated with the Young Woman's Christian Association, and was a loyal member of the Estey Chorus.

"Prompted by early training, and fore-

warned by class prophecy, she kept in mind the hope of work upon the foreign field, and after leaving the Seminary she devoted herself to preparation for a life of rare usefulness. Her own high ideals of Christian womanhood produced a life which has been an inspiration to all who have known her, and particularly to those who are privileged to call her classmate. We shall cherish her friendship as one of earth's choicest gifts."

Another of her schoolmates writes:

"I did not know Beth at all until her senior year, and I was then a junior; but notwithstanding we were separated in the classroom, we from the first recognized the 'divine affinity of virtue with itself' which drew us to each other. I think the first characteristic which impressed me, and which continued to impress me throughout my friendship with her, was her absolute sincerity. I do not recall a single false or erring note in all her intercourse with her mates. In the next place I would mention the high moral setting of her simplest word and deed, and her unselfish appreciation of others. Another characteristic was her serenity of spirit and her sweetness. I remember the cognomen

given her, 'Sweet Beth,' which seemed to those who knew her so entirely apropos. But this 'sweetness' was never insipidity. Behind it appeared character, unyielding in its integrity, a quiet firmness where principle was involved, which nothing could move. We, as it were, unconsciously accepted the fact that she was never other than noble, fine, and dear. The word 'dear' just expresses it; she was that—always dear. And she possessed a spirituality that attracted but never antagonized, even the most irreligious, it was so genuine and so spontaneous. It never appeared to be something put on, but inherent, natural. Her missionary spirit, ever in evidence, was as a beautiful radiancy that illuminated her personality. But, with it all, she was sweetly human. There was nothing standoffish about her; no attitude of superiority; just a dear, happy-hearted girl, busy as a bee, laughter-loving, appreciating a good joke, and, in her quiet, reserved way, deeply loving. And with no thought of envy, we all loved her. We rejoiced in every honour or preferment that came to her as if it were our own. As I look back over those dear old days of '93—'94, I think of Beth as a fragrant flower, dainty, pure, and sweet. She moves in my memory like the presence of the dear ones in the family that

make home life so precious. I remember her in the homely, every-day tasks that came to us all, as one religiously faithful; I recall, too, the precious bits of conversation between times. Once when we were in the laundry, just across from each other, she at one tub and I at another, she spoke of her hopes for the future, of her eagerness for service in the foreign field, and how she exclaimed, 'O Grace, I wish I could take you with me!' And then we talked of college plans, for it was our dream in those days to go to college together.

"At commencement Beth invited me to accompany her to the Senior Reception. I remember how she limped all the way on her poor tired feet, and how we drew closer together that evening than ever before. She asked me to write to her, and so began the correspondence that has covered twenty-one years of our busy lives. It has given me the precious heritage of her heart-warming letters, an inspiration and an unmixed joy."

One of the teachers at Northfield in writing of Beth says:

"It was not my privilege ever to see her, as she and her family were here dur-

ing my furlough year; but well do I recall how much influence I felt she must have had in the Seminary, because of the way in which she was remembered, in my early years, in the school. We feel that great honour has come to Northfield through her, and that a larger responsibility rests upon us because of what she was and did."

From these words from Northfield respecting one of its students the spirit and aim of that institution can be clearly seen. A high moral purpose has ever dominated its courses of instruction. The same is also true of Goucher College. And yet life at that college is, in some respects, quite different from that in the preparatory school. While the college may be as truly Christian, its students can not be expected to bring to it the same homogeneity of Christian experience as that which is characteristic of the girls in a school like Northfield. They come from places and communities widely separated, a considerable portion being from the Southern states. Many of them, before entering college, have never come in contact with the opinions, and the supposedly stricter practices, of persons and families of Puritan descent in New England. And, in their thought, the chil-

dren of Pilgrims and Puritans belong to the same general family. Beth was surely one of them. She made no effort to conceal what she believed, and her practice was apparent to all. Yet she made many friends, and made no enemies. Whatever she believed, her religion, as it came in contact with her associates, was a life, and not a bundle of doctrines. It was not Northfield theology, or any other theology, but the carrying out, in all her social intercourse, the putting into practice, of the high Christian ideals which permeate the very atmosphere of Northfield Seminary. There is no one who does not, who must not, accept, and be impressed by, a loving devotion to the welfare of others. So it was that Beth won her way to the hearts of her college mates.

And here it must be said that she herself came to accept some views respecting the manner in which our Holy Scriptures originated, and the literal historicity of some portions of them, which were not in accord with what had more often been taught at Northfield. What she did continue to hold to, more and more firmly, and to believe in more implicitly, was the Northfield practice of piety. This she carried with her to college, this she brought away. This could not be subject to change, while she did gladly accept

the constructive elements of a reverent criticism of our Bible. This in no way impaired, but rather deepened and strengthened her faith in the one great truth brought to mankind in the Christian Scriptures—Jesus Christ the Revealer of God and the Saviour of Mankind. One of her college classmates says:

"Elizabeth Barrows entered Goucher College when it was known as The Woman's College of Baltimore in 1895. She served as president of the junior class, and then was elected as senior president, an honour rarely bestowed at Goucher, but one richly deserved by her. She was present at the tenth reunion, 1909. The next gathering of the class, which would have occurred in 1914, was postponed because she was to come home on furlough in 1916. A sad reunion this will be, but the memory of a life wholly dedicated to uplifting the sad and weary, will shed sweetness and light into all our lives. A classmate wrote recently, 'What a privilege for all of us in '99 to have felt the influence of Beth's life!' She is one of the few of whom we may say that to know her means that we can never forget the noble purpose to which her life was devoted. I am reading again the address which, as senior president, she delivered so simply and naturally

on that Class Day of '99; and I can hear her saying, 'We realize that it is the multitude of years which should teach wisdom, yet the four within these college walls have not been too short to impress many lifelong lessons. Stirring national events have marked our course, and the distant clash of arms has awakened sympathetic echoes in our secluded world. Whether we believe in territorial expansion or not, discussions of these questions have expanded our knowledge of men and countries little known before, have given us an insight into international relations, and have taught us something of the meaning of the "White Man's Burden."'

"Little did we then dream that in sixteen years a war greater than any known in history would shake the world, and that our Beth would be one of its victims. Near the close of this address she struck the keynote of high purpose and aspiration which marked her college life. She said: 'We have learned to call life not a comedy, but an opportunity to him who thinks; not a tragedy, but a joy to him who feels. If we are beginning to think more truly and to feel more deeply, it is not because we have been through college, but, as one has expressed it, because the college has been through us. We do not educate a man by telling him



AT GRADUATION FROM COLLEGE

THE CLASS PROPHECY, GOUCHER COLLEGE, MAY, 1899

what he knew not, but by making him what he was not, and what he will remain forever.'

"Every word rang true. The classmates of Elizabeth Barrows all knew that, however they might differ with her opinions or beliefs, they might pin their faith to her sincerity and single-mindedness. It may be truly said of her that she forever 'followed the gleam.'"

Reporting a reunion of the class of '99, a member writes:

"The girls of Goucher, '99, stand today with heads bowed and hearts uplifted in loving, grateful tribute to our beloved President, Elizabeth Barrows Ussher. It is not easy to break the silence of sorrow. But to all the girls of Goucher we must bear the message of this life, so rich in service for college, for country, for the Kingdom.

"In the life of Mrs. Ussher, our Goucher College, our America, has laid a costly sacrifice on the altars of human liberty.

"The life that counts most was the vision that lured Elizabeth Barrows to her difficult work. Her fitness for the great work of which she dreamed, her classmates felt, not as setting her apart from us, but as fitting her most rarely to

share the lives of us all. Doubly dear was this soul, fragrant with the warmth of a rich humanity, and with the divine sweetness of prayer and peace.

"Early her life was purposeful. Wide as were her interests and activities in her college and her life-work, there early came to her the serenity of a life truly unified in effort. To this power of leadership the class of '99 gave unique recognition in choosing her President in both her junior and senior years.

"Said a great man whom Baltimore devoutly remembers:

"'A friend is the one who summons us to our best.' So to-day, in warm and loyal remembrance of our loved President, we would stand reverently, and together say, 'Dear friend, dear captain, your friends of '99 hear anew your summons to the life that counts most, and we will not forget.'"

Another Goucher student writes:

"It has been truly said of Mrs. Ussher that her life was full of service, full of peril, full of strength, freely and cheerily given to all forms of work in the home, in the hospital, among the poor. Her life blessed and made better the lives

of those she touched. Christianity is not a failure so long as it can produce one such life as hers. In deep love and gratitude we pay our tribute of appreciation to her memory, which will live a pure, white, guiding light to thousands to whom she ministered."

IV

THE PURPOSE TESTED; THE FINAL DECISION

THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY TO THE MISSION FIELD

SOMETIMES a purpose to pursue a certain course in the future is severely tested when one approaches its actual realization. It was so with Beth in respect to her student-volunteer pledge. But it does not appear that she for a moment wavered. Her thoughts were upon work in the foreign field, and her whole heart was there.

And yet there were reasons why work in the homeland might properly be considered. To some of her friends these reasons seemed very weighty. At her graduation, her record showed very commendable proficiency in her studies, although in the acquisition of languages she was not the equal of many of her mates. As when a child she was backward in learning to talk, so in after years it was not easy for her to mas-

ter a new tongue. And facility in this must be considered in regard to one's adaptability for work in a foreign land. Also, over against Beth's slowness in learning to speak a new language, was the fact that she had acquired unusual facility in the use of her pen. Her correspondence was despatched with great ease; correct composition, with pen in hand, seemed to be, to her, almost a recreation. For the exercise of this gift a wide door was opened before her. She could have had a secretaryship in The Young Women's Christian Association work. Her tact in dealing with young girls and her influence over them had been fully demonstrated in her school and college life. Should she not continue what she seemed to be doing so well? Many thought so. Even her father was much inclined to entertain the belief that she would be a more successful worker in the homeland than among peoples of other tongues. Yet he would put no obstacle in the way of her free choice.

But now it may be noticed still further that the strength of this purpose was also tested in another direction. Beth was persistently urged by a worthy friend to make a home for two in the homeland. To this entreaty she turned a deaf ear, and decided, with a firm

finality, to offer herself to go as a missionary to the land of her birth. She was naturally attracted towards this particular field because in it her parents had laboured, and she also retained some slight recollections of her own early home.

She knew of no companion for the journey who would go with her farther than Constantinople. To start thus for one of the most distant and insecure parts of the Turkish Empire, where for many years wandering Kurds had been accustomed, for their living, to rob and murder their peaceful neighbours, necessitated, on the part of both parents and child, a faith somewhat akin to that

> "which will not shrink,
> Though pressed by every foe;
> That will not tremble on the brink
> Of any earthly woe."

Had the young missionary been leaving her home under the care of a good husband, it would have been comparatively easy for her parents to say good-by, for from their own experience and observation on the mission field they well knew what privations and hardships a single lady must sometimes undergo, notwithstanding all the assistance that her associates, with most thoughtful affection, can render. So Beth left

a home where there were full hearts and tearful eyes. Her father, taking her to the railroad station at Stonington, watched the departing train till it had rounded the curve, and was out of sight, then came back to a house which had an air of peculiar loneliness, never perceived by him before. The remaining hours of that day will never be forgotten. The dear girl had done much to make it a happy place. She was very fond of Fanny Crosby's gospel songs and other similar hymns. Very often, of a Sabbath afternoon, seating herself at the piano, among other selections, with notes so soft and sweet she would sing:

> "Some day the silver chord will break,
> And I no more as now shall sing;
> But oh, the joy when I shall wake
> Within the palace of the King!
> And I shall see Him face to face,
> And tell the story saved by grace!"

As Beth sailed from Boston in company with missionaries returning to Turkey, the voyage by sea, and the ride by rail, while uneventful, were highly enjoyed. At the Ottoman Capital she could recall some things connected with her old home, and the place where she once played with other little missionary children. Crossing the Black Sea, she was favoured with a

ride in a carriage from Trebizond up over the picturesque hills as far as Erzroom. When ascending these far-reaching slopes the view became superb in an eminent degree. Looking backward, there was the sea with its long coast-line, while before and around were scenes of peculiar interest, because of their connection with the events of long ago. Here it was that Xenophon, with his escaping ten thousand, looked down upon the waves that told of safety and of home. Here, too, the Greeks had their colonies, as indicated by the name Erzroom, the land of the Romans, as the Byzantine Greeks were called.

With this glance at the arrival of the young missionary at her native land, let us go back to her own story of these days:

"We now soon came into the old historic city of Constantine. Memories of my childhood's days came rushing back to me while I picked my way through its dirty streets, and gay bazaars, or floated on the blue Bosphorus in the graceful caïque, which gives the very poetry of motion. I understand Turkish words that I thought I had entirely forgotten. It seemed really like getting home again. After five days in Constantinople, waiting for our

passports, our little party,—which included two English ladies, going to work for the orphans—boarded a Russian steamer and we again turned our faces eastward. We were thrilled with the novelty and the beauty of the picturesque old capital, with the sparkling Bosphorus, as blue as the azure above it, and the cypress covered hillsides, at whose feet, and lining the water's edge, lay the stucco palaces, glistening like marble in the sunlight.

"We steamed slowly out of the Golden Horn, amid all kinds of craft, from the Turkish warships and the despatch boats of the ambassadors to the slender caïques darting in and out among them. Scutari, with its American College for Girls, lay at our right, and soon we passed the Heights of Hissar, crowned by the old round towers built by the Saracen conquerors, and the buildings of Robert College. We passed up to the Black Sea between hills sloping gently to the water on either side, and possessing a charm and a beauty peculiarly their own. Then our trip of three days, skirting along the Asiatic coast, to Trebizond, was most delightful. The scenery was beautiful, as the snow-capped mountains, which come down abruptly to the shore, were as grand in the bright moonlight as when the sun shone upon them.

" Wharves are not considered necessary in this country, and so when we came into the harbour of Trebizond it was two hours before we could land. Mr. Stapleton, who had come from Erzroom to meet us, was soon beside our ship, proffering any possible assistance. He attended to our boxes, seeing that they were safely lowered into a flat barge, which was threatened to be upset by a swinging ladder on one side and the choppy waves on the other. Finally we were rowed ashore, and were welcomed with great heartiness by Dr. and Mrs. Parmelee, who alone represent our country in this historic city.

" Two days were spent in repacking the boxes which were opened at the custom house, and in preparing for our journey inland. The morning of November 21 dawned warm and bright over the broad, crescent-shaped bay. Its blue expanse, dotted with white sails, the red-tiled roofs, and the dark green trees, like a dash of colour against the brown rugged coast, made a picture never to be forgotten.

" Our party of four, with our wraps and small bundles, packed ourselves into a clumsy, but fairly comfortable, open carriage, having two seats facing each other, and drawn by



THE BOSPHORUS

Looking across to the Asiatic shore. Robert College and the new buildings of the Constantinople College for Women are on the hills to the left, just outside the picture.



three horses abreast. For a mile we followed the shore, then turned abruptly south through a narrow valley shut in by steep hills. Just here we met a man returning from Van, where, in his archeological researches, he had unearthed several interesting relics of the stone age, and also deciphered many hitherto unreported inscriptions.

"It was hard to believe it was winter, for the air was balmy, and near the little brook which we followed, we could see dandelions, and English daisies, and now and then a buttercup. Where the ground could be tilled every inch was improved. At times little oxen were seen plowing on such steep places that it seemed as if the rude wooden plows would pull them over.

"Our first stopping place was a little village snuggled in at the foot of a high hill, and near a roaring mountain brook. Our khan, which was built almost over the water, was too near Greek civilization to be a fair specimen of Turkish hotels. Our room, which we curtained into two apartments, boasted of an iron bedstead, a table, and a mirror. With our own bedding, food, and lights, we were comfortable. We had not had, however, sufficient experience of the thinking and the ways of a

strange people to be properly charitable in our comparisons and contrasts.

"The next morning we had our breakfast, washed our dishes, packed our road outfit, had a few minutes of quiet with the Master, and were ready to start at 7 A. M. Now the air gradually grew cooler, and we perceived that we were on an ascending grade; the valley began to appear very far below us. After our noon lunch, while our horses were resting, we visited a tiny Greek chapel, built of heavy stones and ornamented with rude paintings. The old sexton tried to explain the various symbols. He showed us an ancient illustrated Bible, written in characters not now understood by modern Greeks.

"The next day brought us to the top of the lower of the two mountain ranges on our route. The panorama of the mountain peaks above and below the clouds, green at their feet and crowned with snow, and the ever varying shades of colour of the gorges between, was entrancing in its beauty. The ride down the mountain was exciting, as the road was badly washed from a recent rain, and the driver seemed to delight in seeing how near he could go to the edge without tipping us all out upon the rocks below. But notwithstanding the rocks and the

washouts we were not upset, and did not have to get out and walk. As we all enjoyed singing, we made the hills fairly ring with our songs, from church hymns to the latest war jingles. We played thought games, told stories, and had a jolly good time generally. The following day we were in the valley again, in the midst of orchards which supply the whole province with their 'silver fruit.' Plane and poplar trees now took the place of the evergreens of the mountains.

"The following night brought us to Baibourt, the largest place between Trebizond and Erzroom. Here we were entertained by a Protestant family, whose wealth had been a temptation to the marauding Kurds a few years ago. The family, numbering about 25, came in to see the strange hat-wearers, while the new-comers tried hard to look intelligent and to appear entertained. After coffee and tea, and then coffee again, had been served, we sat with the men on the floor around a low table, while the women of the family stood at a respectful distance. The courses of lemon and vermicelli soup, roast mutton, of apricots, of stewed mutton and pilaf, were brought on one at a time, and placed in the centre of the table, to which we were expected to reach with our large wooden

spoons. Thick slices of dark bread heaped with stringed cheese took the place of plates.

"At night our bed consisted of a thick quilt for a mattress, and another, with a sheet sewed on it, for a covering. The next morning we were escorted to the khan, where our baggage had remained, by all the male members of the family.

"We attracted a great deal of attention, as foreigners are a rarity in this city. Remarks upon our personal appearance, as well as our belongings, were not wanting.

"Now began our ascent of the second and most difficult range of mountains. After a steady pull of several hours we stopped at Cope Khan, where we slept a little and shivered more, as the wind was not bashful about finding a way through a hole in the oiled paper of our window. While our room was being warmed we sat in the coffee room, filled with Turks and tobacco smoke. One young soldier fell into conversation about the Transvaal war. To be in an old khan, miles away from any civilization, talking with a Turk, in French, about English policies, was a novel experience.

"The cold night was prophetic of what we were to experience the next day, for now we were near the top of Cope Dagh, the highest

peak of all. Soon after starting we were caught in the clutches of a genuine blizzard, and for a little time the cold was intense. The snow had badly drifted, filling the already narrow, twisting path to the point of danger. To add to the difficulty, we met, on the very crest of the mountain, a long caravan of frightened camels. Many of these had broken loose from the ropes which had held them in bunches of eighteen, and some had fallen over the steep declivity, with their loads, there to perish in the cold. But our wiry horses struggled through the drifts, and in two hours we were in quite another climate, with all danger passed. Our baggage, however, was two days in getting through.

"From this point until we reached Erzroom, our route lay over rolling, treeless plains and low hills, interesting for the many shades of soil, indicating volcanic origin. At our last khan, six miles out of the city, we were met by the ladies of the station, who gave us a royal welcome. Soon we had crossed the Erzroom plain, to the city; were within the walls, and at the missionary home. Our week's interesting and delightful trip was at an end."

V

GETTING TO VAN

THE preparation for the journey of a lady missionary from America to the interior of Turkey, as we have already seen, is not all made at one end of the line. But the preparation to go from the Black Sea as far as to Erzroom is only the introduction to the book: the larger, and the more complete treatment of the subject is beyond. The anticipation and the reality may be very different. To one who has never visited the East the setting out is alluring. With each passing day the attraction of what is before one increases. Anticipated experiences are of a most interesting character. The lands of classic and sacred studies are soon to be seen. Approaching the great Mohammedan city, the view will not be disappointing. If it chances to be on a pleasant morning, when the rising sun is lighting up the minarets on its seven hills, the beholder will surely exclaim: "The half has never been told me."

But the last part of the journey,—some hundreds of miles inland,—will prove to be a very different affair. It will have its strange, its almost irresistible, attractions, but its hardships, and its possible dangers, too. And for this part of the way, whatever preparation may have been made before leaving America, there must be assistance coming from the place which is to be reached.

When the missionaries at this station learn that a new lady assistant is expected to be at the coast at a certain time, then an escort must be selected, and special provision made for her safety and comfort on the way. Whatever work may be in hand, to meet the newcomer must now take precedence. One of the missionaries must not only be fitted out with all things necessary for the trip, but he must have at least one assistant, who may also be a guide in finding the way. In some cases it is necessary to ask the government for a kind of policeman, who will make a show of armor, if not of courage. One extra horse must be taken along for the expected lady to ride, and a pack horse, to carry, among other things, a little cot bed able to raise the sleeper above the reach of certain small companions, which will be sure to proffer their assistance when not needed. Some food must also

be taken for the return; for however much the missionary may have become accustomed to the food which can be procured upon the road, the newly arrived can hardly be expected immediately to cultivate a very strong desire for it. The ways of living among a strange people must be learned gradually. In fine, it must be said that the uninitiated traveller in the interior of Turkey must carry a large share of his hotel accommodations with him. And what he can not thus carry he often learns are not among the optionals of his journey. He finds his choices seriously limited by circumstances.

When news came to Van that Miss Elizabeth Barrows was on her way from America, and was expected to be at Erzroom at a certain time, Doctor Ussher, a young physician, who had been at Van but a short time, was fitted out and despatched to meet her and bring her on. He arrived at Erzroom a little time after his expected fair companion. But he prayed that he might not be long delayed, for it was already late in the autumn, at which season travelling in Turkey can not be so hopefully undertaken.

Accompanying Miss Barrows was one of the two English ladies that had come with her to Erzroom, and who was also on her way to Van, to assist in caring for the orphans that had been



REV. C. D. USSHER, M.D.

left alive after the wholesale massacre of Armenians five years before. Now, however, unexpected hindrances arose. We say "unexpected," but such a word can properly be used only in respect to those who have had no experience of travelling in Turkey. Those who have had such experience, always *expect* hindrances, and if they do not meet them they feel like giving thanks for special mercies. On this occasion the Turkish Government, in its "watchful waiting," (the "waiting" is continuous, the "watchful" spasmodic) objected to the plan of the woman from England, to proceed further into their territory, thinking she might be connected with some bad committee. In official circles the word "committee" came to signify some revolutionary organization, and so to excite suspicion. It happened to occur in a telegram sent from Constantinople to Erzroom.

As the young missionary from America had fallen into the companionship of the English lady, the shadow of imperial authority had fallen upon them both. They were forbidden to go on from Erzroom, so Dr. Ussher seemed likely to fail in his mission unless something unusual could be done. But he was not the man to give up.

At this time Sultan Abdul Hamid was exceedingly suspicious of foreigners, thinking they might have some relation to secret organizations within his dominions. So when a telegram came from an Armenian Relief Society in England concerning two ladies that they were sending to Turkey, to care for orphans,—one of whom was to go to Van—suspicion was at once aroused, and orders were sent from Constantinople that the ladies should not only not proceed further, but be returned to that city.

The consuls at Erzroom refused to send them back. Correspondence was at once commenced with the Embassies. But the Government was obdurate. Permission could not be obtained that the English lady at Erzroom, whose destination was Van, should proceed to that place, and the same prohibition included the Americans also. Policemen were set to guard the mission premises. Spies followed any one who might leave the house.

Thus Dr. Ussher waited in Erzroom three weeks. Every day was precious, for every passing twenty-four hours brought the travellers just so much farther into the cold winter. Anxiety increased, and also the determination to get away. Finally word was received from the Ambassadors that the two consuls might use their

own judgment, acting together. Still more days passed. The question was a hard one for the consuls. And it was evident that personally they were not disturbed in their enjoyment because the ladies were staying. Every evening it was either at the consulate or with the missionaries at their home. And Miss Barrows would sing for the company. She captivated all with her sweet soprano. But finally she resolved to give a hint to the consuls, and she sang " Speed Away." This was with such inspiration that none could forget it.

The resolution to start was put into effect. Horses and sleds were hired for the snow was deep. The drivers were put under bond by the police not to take the travellers out without notifying them. And one morning, as they were about to start, the American consul rushed into the mission premises saying that he could not let them go because a band of twenty soldiers had been stationed at the gate to prevent it. But after much discussion the consul yielded, and said they would try it. If they could get past the soldiers, very well. The gate was like a tunnel, for the wall is eighty feet thick.

While the Doctor was getting his horse from the stable the sleds were driven off, he supposing that they had gone to the gate. But on ar-

riving there he saw nothing of the sleds. He, thinking they had passed through, attempted to proceed. The order to halt was disregarded. A soldier seized his horse's bridle. He was overridden and obliged to let go. Another of the guard, outside the wall, levelled his rifle. The Doctor rode his horse to its muzzle, demanding how he dared to insult a foreigner in that way. But thinking that, in such circumstances, discretion was the better part of valour, he changed his tactics, and went back. He now called for the officer of the guard, repeating his demand for a reason for the insult. The reply was that they had been ordered to prevent the Americans from passing out. Who dared to give such an order? and as the Doctor returned such a bluff, he took his note book from his pocket, asking for the name of the soldier who had pointed his rifle at him. The officer thinking a mistake had been made, entreated that nothing be said to the Vali, and added, "Please go out, please go out." But the Doctor did not go out then.

When the consuls appeared arrangements were made for him to leave the next day. He would go with attendants, and sleds, baggage, and arms necessary for the journey. He would proceed to a certain place, and wait there for the ladies, going out, as for a ride, with the consuls,

the day following. Dr. Ussher succeeded with his scheme as planned. He went through the gate. It was a victory of pluck and perseverance against cowardly and insulting insolence.

The consuls, with the ladies, got through the day following. And now, for a time, we will let Miss Barrows tell her own story:

"Soon we were on the trackless plain. Before we had been out three hours our low sledges had become so blocked in the deep drifts, and the blinding snow had so obliterated all traces of the road, that we were obliged to turn back; but by two in the afternoon of the next day we were out on the road again. This time we passed through the gate without the slightest opposition, as pleasantly as if everything had been of the kindest and best. We learned that when the Government perceived that they had treated consuls with disrespect, they assumed a meek and apologetic attitude, and were willing to be forgiven. They could even send a runner to overtake Dr. Ussher to beg for a bâkshish.

"By this time a caravan of camels had broken a road, so that the sleighing was very good. We rode all that night, with only a short stop for afternoon tea and two hours' rest for a midnight lunch. This stopping-place was

characteristic of our hotels for the rest of the journey. We entered by a low door which opened into a long, blind passageway, with rooms and stables leading off from it, without the slightest idea of arrangement. The space we occupied was raised two or three feet from the corridor, but separated from the stables by only a low partition. All the cattle and horses and poultry are kept in the house, for the sake of safety to themselves, and warmth to their owners. We sat on rugs thrown on the bare earth, and sipped boiling hot tea from little curved glasses. The only ventilation was from the low fireplace, where pieces of dried manure were smouldering, and one window, about a foot square, in the roof.

" At this place we were told that Dr. Ussher had gone on. There was a happy reunion when we reached him, as he had been waiting anxiously for us. After a while a travelling pasha arrived, having worked with a large force of men since dawn to get through from a village only four miles away. This meant that our road was open, and we planned to start at midnight. It was a beautiful, clear, moonlight night with zero weather.

" The scenery of the gorge was magnificent, and the ride through it delightful for some

of us. But the kavasses did not appreciate it much, for just as we were crossing a small stream at the entrance to the gorge their sled broke through the ice, and tipped them into the water.

"We stopped at a Turkish village at the foot of the pass, and there hired extra animals to carry our loads to the top, our horses finding it all they could do to pull up the empty sleds. We passed many large wolf tracks in the way. Going down on the other side was rather frightful, as the road would suddenly descend at an angle of about seventy degrees, and then ascend a similar slope. At one place where all the three sleds stuck in turn, the vice consul and our zabtier rode on and left us, so that at the next village our drivers declined to go on. They began to unhitch the horses.

"Dr. Ussher called to the English kavass to bring his sled on, and he seized the bridle of one of the horses in our sleigh and started them off. As soon as the driver promised to go on he was allowed to drive, but we had not gone more than twenty yards before he whipped up the horses, and sent the sleigh against the opposite bank of the stream, with the whippletree so crowded into the earth that no amount of pulling could get it up the bank. Then he

started up the horses again, apparently determined to break the harness, and so compel us to remain at the village. Dr. Ussher took in the situation, and with an almost superhuman effort, he lifted the front of the sleigh, load and all, and then on it slid much to the surprise of the driver. This game having failed, he tried again, and being off the sled, thrashed the horses into a gallop against a large stone; this time breaking the whippletree in two, and letting the horses free. Again American ingenuity came into play. The traces which consisted of little ropes, much like an ordinary clothesline, were tied to the sleigh, and it was again raised and cleared from the stones. Soon we came to a place where the only choice of a path was snow four feet deep, or across a stream with a slush of uncertain depth. As our sleighs were only eight or nine inches high, we preferred to wade rather than to risk the possibility of sitting in ice water. We got safely across, and, with the ladies in separate sleds, the men walked up the steep hill.

" As we were all spinning down the other side as fast as it was safe for the horses, an ox drawing a sled appeared in the narrow path below. Its driver tried to turn it off into the deep snow, but it stubbornly refused to move. Our driver

slowed up as much as possible; but Dr. Ussher seeing that a collision was imminent, jumped off, and dashing ahead, put his shoulder under the ox and shoved him, thrown on his side, into the snow; then he snatched the light sled from the path just in time for our sleighs to glide past.

"It soon became dark and difficult to follow the pure white road. At last the drivers had to walk ahead of the teams while we followed their dark forms on the snow. In spite of this we lost the road, and just when the drivers were becoming discouraged, we were guided back to the road by the barking of a dog in the village, about a mile distant. Here we found a large stable room with a fire of 'native fuel,' and here rested. When one is tired enough rest is possible almost anywhere.

"The next day was Sunday, and we had hoped for a little longer rest. But early in the morning the vice-consul caught the two drivers trying to get away to a nearby place where they might telegraph to Erzroom that we were there. He knocked these men down, as he said, and came leading their horse back to the stable. This was in accordance with what we were sure the Government wanted to do—hinder us on our way, and so prevent our reaching Van. The

men, however, got away later, taking the harnesses but leaving their horses in our care.

"Soon after we noticed that soldiers and gendarmes were leaving the place. On inquiry we learned that there had been recently a fearful massacre of eighty-five men in the next village. And as our drivers had spread reports respecting our relation to the Government, the leading men of the place came to us and begged us to pass on lest our presence might precipitate a massacre there. We were about to comply with this request when we discovered the loss of our harnesses. We went to work and manufactured something to take their place from material that we had with us. It took us four hours to reach the scene of the massacre, and so complete had been the awful work, that we could find only some pieces of broken pottery in which to bring our water. We experienced a strange feeling of loneliness, and of possible danger, while we remained there.

"The next day was December 25th, and a memorable Christmas it was. It was, for us, a day never to be forgotten. Taking fourteen men with us to open the road, we started for the pass. We all walked up the first hills as it was all that the horses could do to draw up the empty

sleds. Then the ladies mounted two horses, and the men walked till they were nearly exhausted. Our poor horses floundered in the deep drifts, but we kept on till we came to a place where the snow was about six feet deep; to get through it seemed a hopeless venture. We did, however, push through this snow and up the next hill; here our lead horses dropped. All the others were down, or had been, and some of them lay for nearly an hour before they could stand on their feet.

"It was now a question of saving the lives of our men and horses, so we left our baggage covered in the sleighs, and started on foot, or on horseback, for the next village. It was growing dark and cold, and it was hard to keep the path. We passed several dead horses on the way, some of which had been eaten by wolves, and we feared a similar fate for our horses, if not for ourselves. By following a sheep trail we at last reached a village, tired but thankful. One pack horse, with our lunch boxes had managed to come in. For this we were very glad. Every member of our party was tired to the last degree of endurance, and all threw themselves down in any place and in any manner. They simply could not stand.

"But it was Christmas evening. Our cele-

bration of the day thus far could hardly be considered satisfactory. I resolved that we should have a Christmas dinner. I believed that never had we been more deserving of such innocent enjoyment. The arrival of the food boxes made it possible. Our kind missionary friends at Erzroom had not forgotten that we might have to celebrate Christmas under unusual circumstances. So they had put something into the food boxes to facilitate such an event. After considerable effort in relation to warming things that were cold and the like, with no small attention to the fire necessary thereto, I had the exquisite pleasure of welcoming my exhausted friends to a most delicious repast. I use this word delicious advisedly, for it should not be forgotten that everything in this imperfect world must be taken according to its relative value. So ended our celebration of the gladdest day of the year, in a little-frequented part of Ancient Armenia.

"It should be added that, at bedtime, Old Mother Earth, in recognition, as we may fondly believe, of our righteous zeal in observing Christmas, gave us a vigourous earthquake shock. This was the grand finale of the varied entertainments of the day, and we closed our eyes to happy dreams."

The next day men were sent out to bring in the sleds and baggage; but at this point it was decided to leave the sleds and go on, for the rest of the journey, on horseback. Still fearing the Government, the party went around the next town, and crossed the Murad branch of the Euphrates river on the ice. The vice-consul went to find the needed pack and saddle horses. But the drivers, who now put in an appearance, began again to make trouble. They had told officials of the vicinity of the fugitive party.

Meanwhile the ladies, who were left waiting in a nearby village, had their first experience of Oriental curiosity. They were surrounded by Kurdish men and women eager to examine every article of clothing, and every kind of food, so different from their own. First it was a piece of chocolate passed around and tasted, then a piece of orange, bitter from having been frozen. This went from hand to hand till it was black with dirt, when one, more daring than the others, ventured to taste it! The disgust was intense as the offending thing was hurled back to the giver. One of the women suddenly pulled the hair of her visitor to see whether it were hers, or only tied on.

The next morning the party essayed to go on, thinking that they were now in the province of

Van, and so safe. But the drivers and the gendarme, having a secret agreement, contrived to put obstacles in the way, till the vice-consul became impatient and insisted on starting, leaving the British kavass and gendarme to bring the loads. They had gone on a little way when Dr. Ussher, feeling some anxiety concerning the loads, rode back to a rise of ground where he could see whether they were coming all right. He perceived excitement, and he heard shouting. Dashing down the road at full gallop, came a band of gendarmes, who, seeing the Doctor, loaded their rifles. He also, seeing their menacing attitude, swung off his Remington repeater, and, making it ready for use, turned back, and called to the others to keep together. The band came on, seized the vice-consul's horse by its bridle and attempted to pull him from it. They beat him till they had made his right arm useless. Dr. Ussher told them to stop, and instantly covered them with his loaded rifle. They turned, threw up their hands, and fled. On another occasion during this eventful journey, Dr. Ussher felt obliged to call on the colonel of a Kurdish regiment for assistance, which was readily given, because the Doctor had attended several of his men who had been wounded in a recent fight.

Many more incidents of a somewhat similar character might be related of Dr. Ussher's successful attempt to bring the ladies of his charge to their home station, but these we think are sufficient to show the nature of the difficulties with which he had to contend.

On Saturday the 29th of December the party took a horseback ride of fifteen consecutive hours, hoping to reach Van before the Sabbath, but were unable to do so. Miss Barrows writes:

"We arrived at Van at noon the next day, and were welcomed by the missionaries and a chorus of school-children. How glad we were to be at home at last!"

VI

THE MARRIAGE

AFTER the romantic and perilous journey from Erzroom to Van had ended so fortunately, it is remembered that the gallant escort of the ladies making it, was heard to remark concerning one of them that he liked the name Elizabeth because it was the name of his dear sainted Mother, who was one of the most lovable of the fortunate women to whom God entrusts the rearing of children.

Whether there were at that time any other reasons why he should have been pleased with the name does not now very clearly appear. It may have been that there were. To believe that there were we do not think would involve an extravagant supposition. The getting up of the Christmas dinner when all others of the party were so exhausted from struggling through the snowbanks, and getting up and down hills so steep that one needed to be braced up by the snow if he were to keep his balance, that they could hardly say whether they cared more for

food or for sleep—this may have lingered in his memory, as something pleasant to think of, and to retain in mind when tempted to give way to discouragement. We have now no proper data to warrant one in making positive assertions, but suppositions like these we do not think out of place. In fact certain confessions, freely made afterward, do give colour to this view of the situation, and enable one in narrating these things, to stand at last on the solid ground of the unconditional and the undoubted for on the 26th day of the following month of June the Reverend Clarence Douglass Ussher, M.D., and Miss Elizabeth Freeman Barrows were joined in holy and happy wedlock, Rev. Dr. George C. Raynolds, the senior missionary at Van station, officiating.

The marriage was in the church. Among the three hundred guests who were present by invitation, were the Vali and with him, about twenty of the higher Turkish officials of the city. It was doubtless a wholly new experience to them. They had never before witnessed a marriage with ceremony so sensible and so simple. The consuls also, in their gala-day costume, added brightness as well as dignity to the occasion. Leaning on the arm of the British representative, the bride was brought in.

This marital union, while still a coming event, had cast its pleasing shadow across the seas, reaching the home of the bride's parents in Stonington. It was at once evident to them that a bridal gown must be prepared and sent by mail to Van. For whatever preparation had been made for the daughter's comfort at her missionary home, what might be necessary for her marriage was not included. There was no thought of such a contingency. Her persistent refusal of offers of marriage had seemed to be sufficiently conclusive. But now the wedding gown was hastily prepared and sent away. On account of liability of loss on the journey, it was put in a sealed envelope, and sent as first class matter. The postmaster, who had had much experience in preparing the mails, said he had never before received so much postage on a single letter.

It is evident that there had been a change of view, as well as enlargement of heart, on the part of the bride. It was acknowledged by both parties to have been a case of love at first sight. There was not, however, in this marriage, anything to change or weaken the purpose of the pair to give their whole lives to mission work in the foreign field. It was rather, on the other hand, a strengthen-

ing of that purpose, a sealing of the vows made.

Mrs. Ussher was sent to Van to be teacher of the school for girls there. But now a change became necessary. While she continued, in some ways, to assist in the school, another must be found for its head. Extracts from a letter by Dr. Raynolds to her parents may be properly introduced here:

"It is certainly fitting that you should have been informed directly, long ago, how highly the coming of your daughter has been appreciated by my wife and myself. We had looked forward with great eagerness to her coming, and had formed high anticipations of what it would mean to us, and I am most happy to say that those high expectations have been more than realized since, after such trying experiences, we were permitted to welcome her. The impression she made upon us at the start was most favourable, and the subsequent weeks have only strengthened, and made more definite, the first impression. Her sweet, unselfish disposition, her hearty interest in the work and the people, and her manifest determination to make herself useful, have endeared her to us all, Americans and Armenians.

"The change in her plans as to the sphere in which she is to work, caused my good wife a little anxiety at first, because she feared the care of the girls' school would remain hers indefinitely; but the willingness of both Dr. Ussher and your daughter to take this work off her hands till the school is otherwise provided for has removed this feeling. In all other respects we both feel that it is an arrangement in every way suitable, it is calculated to promote the efficiency of the workers, and thus benefit the station.

"We rejoice with the newly engaged pair in the bright prospects which are opening before them, and feel that the friends of both parties are to be congratulated on this happy outcome of the hard and dangerous journey from Erzroom.

"We wish it were possible that you both, as well as other friends, could be with us on the auspicious occasion which is to unite the fortunes of the two lovers. Of this, however, we can have no expectation."

After her marriage Mrs. Ussher found the sphere of her activities greatly enlarged. Not only was there some work in the school that she could do, but it was her great pleasure to labour

among the poor women. As soon as she had acquired their language sufficiently to get within their hearts, she always had some kind word for them, and they made her most welcome in their homes. But to her their homes hardly seemed like homes. She took upon herself the burden of their deep poverty. Yet how little she could do in affording relief! Her own happy home seemed like an undeserved gift of God as she compared it with the wretchedness of many that she visited. She, like many another missionary wife and mother, was unaware of the good which a real Christian home does, as an example among a people who have never had an opportunity to learn what the word means. There is no word for home in the Turkish language. And many of the people get their first real idea of a home from that made by the missionaries.

Some have thought that for the sake of economy, for the greater freedom of action in itinerary labours, and also freedom from the heart anguish that they know who must leave children in the homeland, all missionaries should remain unmarried; but then the example, and the precious influence of real home life, among peoples where home has been unknown, would be lacking; and a great deal would be lacking.

Because the wife and mother, who must devote much of her time to the care of a family of little ones, usually has less occasion for getting her name into reports of work on mission ground, she is by no means only a cipher among significant figures. Those who know her work best are fully persuaded of its exceeding great value.

VII

THE LACE INDUSTRY

IT was with sympathetic tenderness, prompting to thought and inquiry, that Mrs. Ussher saw the dire poverty and suffering of many of the women that she visited at their homes. Could nothing be done for their relief? The funds of the Board could not be diverted to the feeding of the poor. And indeed it would not be best to adopt such a course even were there money in hand which could be so used. Human nature is about the same wherever found. To give indiscriminately, and as a rule, to the very poor, while nothing is required in return, is always destructive of the better aims and purposes of the recipients. This is never more apparent than on missionary ground. Jesus did not, except in certain instances, and for special reasons, feed the multitudes of hungry people who followed him. And when because of his great pity for them he did multiply the loaves, he saw how many were unfavourably affected.

"Ye seek me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled."

And so the missionary of to-day, the longer he labours among peoples who are poor because they are so circumstanced that it is almost impossible for them to improve their condition, becomes, with experience, more and more cautious how he feeds those poor. There are indeed times when calamity has overtaken them, when famine prevails, and all must be fed; then the missionary is only too glad to improve the opportunity of showing to them, in a manner beyond mistake, the love which has brought him to them, the real nature of the new faith that he preaches.

But such was not the case with those among whom Mrs. Ussher was labouring. They were chronically poor, always poor, with no chance of bettering their condition. What should she do for them? Such a question, if asked in America, could be answered in a variety of ways, but not so in Turkey. These poor had nothing to pay for what they might get. Yet Mrs. Ussher believed that something could be done for them. What that something consisted in was not very clear. Yet here her inborn persistency came into good use. In her thoughts

she nurtured the plan of giving those women work till something came of it.

At some stations the women were being helped to improve their skill in making lace with their needles. Why should they not do the same at Van also? They could, they should have the opportunity. Some kind friends assisted in furnishing a little capital with which to start the business. The enterprise assumed increased importance. Skilled teachers among the native women were employed. Soon more wished to learn to make lace than could be received. A suitable, clean place for making such delicate fabrics must be secured. The material must not be soiled. The fingers that plied the needle must be kept clean. Every foot of available space was occupied. Constantly more women came with tearful pleadings for a little part of the new work. Their children, too, were in want of bread. Thus, with enlarged accommodations, more than one hundred women and girls were given something to do. The wages paid were very small, but they seemed large to those who compared what they received with the nothing in hand before.

This enterprise demanded the most careful supervision. There was first the buying of material, which must be got from Europe or

America; then the choice of helpers when many wanted the same places; the careful keeping of accounts; the inspection of all work done; and also the guarding of property that nothing be lost. Then last, but by no means least, was the selling of the goods. Markets were found in Europe and America. In addition, there was the danger of loss by the way in the transportation of material for use, and also of the finished product.

And it should not be forgotten that at the end of each week the workers received, each what was due her, more or less, according to the amount of lace she had finished, without flaw or defect. This work could not be entrusted to another, unless it were another of the missionaries, and whose hands were already full. To attend to so many small, and ever varying accounts, taking particular care that each one receive just the amount due her, and that no money be in any way lost, was a wearisome task; but it was ever cheerfully done.

And this was cheerfully done not only because in this way some assistance could properly be given to many poor families—by means of it not a few little children might not have to go hungry to bed—but also because thus some, outside the Protestant community, might learn of

the missionaries and their work. Special pains were taken to tell to those who came to work "the old, old story, of Jesus and his love."

The hospital was made the means of telling many who came to have their bodies saved, of the Great Physician who would save their souls. So also the lace industry was conducted with the same end in view. Jesus healed many that were sick, because, in his tender pity, he would relieve suffering, but he always wished to be able to say to the suffering one, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." He had compassion on the multitude, and would give them something to eat, but he thus opened the way for him to declare unto them in a most emphatic manner, "I am the bread which came down from heaven; of which, if a man eat, he shall live forever." It was more especially to be able the better to proclaim this great truth to the poor people of Van that the lace work was carried on.

VIII

AGAIN IN THE HOMELAND

IF the traveller in foreign lands, though finding much enjoyment—entertainment and instruction on every hand, yet comes to feel an almost indescribable longing for the familiar scenes, and the endearing words of the friends left in the homeland, what shall be said of the missionaries, who have been away, almost alone, among a strange, and perhaps but partially civilized people, for a long series of years, when they, and, if husband and wife, together with the little ones, with which God may have filled their home, start to go back to meet again the warm embrace of father and mother, brother and sister, to look in the faces and hear again the well-remembered voices of those, whose lives were so large, and so precious, a part of their own in their childhood days?

Doctor and Mrs. Ussher, after nearly ten years of life in Turkey, were granted a furlough of a year for needed rest. With thoughts and

feelings which no one, not having had their experience, could well understand, they began to make preparations for their journey to America. They daily watched the wasting of the snow at the foot of the mountains to see how far advanced spring might be. It was a debatable question, whether it were best to go up through the Caucasus to Batum, on the Black Sea, or, crossing Lake Van, go over the mountains to Erzroom, and thus to take the boat at Trebizond. They finally chose the latter route. They suffered no little inconvenience, crowded into the clumsy boat on the lake. And also the melting snow, and the slush and mud among the mountains, made their way difficult; yet nothing seemed to them hard, if they were making progress towards the dear ones that, in imagination, they were already holding in their embrace. After finding themselves on board a comfortable boat, sailing towards Constantinople, their journey was without special incident till surprise at the changed appearance of New York, with its sky-scrapers, assured them that they were landing in America. The next day brought them to Stonington. It was indeed a red-letter day at the home which she had left, when Mrs. Ussher enjoyed the rare privilege of introducing to her father and mother a son-in-

law whom they had never seen, while at the same time leading in through the door four little children—two boys and two girls—the proof of the Heavenly Father's loving faithfulness in watching between the dear ones, here and there, while they had been separated one from the other. In regard to leaving her home and thus coming back she might adopt the words of the prosperous Jacob when he was returning from his interesting stay in Paden-aram: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."

It was a great relief to the missionary family to be able to feel that they had escaped all the dangers of the hard journey, and were now in a land of rest, and of safety. But soon they had given to them another lesson to learn. We do not know when our most deadly enemy may be nearest. We are safe only when in faith we rest in God. And then our safety is in His faithfulness, and not in what we may desire. Fell disease came to the Ussher family. The older of the two little girls lay a dying. God had come to take her back to himself, his gift, Dorothea. Of that time her father says:

"Her lungs were swollen, and every breath she drew was such an exertion as to shake the



THE FOUR CHILDREN THAT MRS. USSHER INTRODUCED TO THEIR GRANDPARENTS IN STONINGTON

Dorothea, who died there, standing at the left.

bed on which she lay. Her distress was extreme, and yet she bore it so patiently, and took the remedies without a murmur.

"Monday noon she seemed about to leave us, when she said: 'Papa, can't you please tell Jesus to make me better?' She always said 'tell' for ask. I knelt by her bed and prayed for her relief, and as I ceased, she said: 'Papa, papa, keep on praying.' I told her, 'God hears little girls' prayers; you pray too; not out loud, just think what you want to say, and he will hear you;' and she broke out, 'Dear God please make my pains better for Jesus' sake.'

"Then she sank back in a cold sweat and it seemed as if she were going at once; but she drew a deep breath, and began to breathe easily. In a few minutes she called for food and playthings, and we rejoiced that she was recovering.

"In the afternoon she called me to her and said: 'Papa, I want to say what I say at night. I want to pray, Jesus, tender Shepherd.' So she closed her eyes and prayed:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
(*and make me better*)
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
(*my sins—all forgiven*)
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
(*to heaven—to heaven*)
Happy there with thee to dwell."

"'And, dear Jesus, make all my pains well, and make everybody well.'

"She rested quietly till evening, noticing everything; and she, who had been so weak, threw her arms about her mother's neck and, kissing her, said: 'Good night, Mamma.'

"Tuesday morning her breathing was shallow, and her pulse fast, but she seemed much better than Monday morning. Later there was a gradual change, and sitting beside her, we heard her say, 'I've had enough of this.' Soon she called out, 'Papa, I'm all ready: I'm all ready to fly.' I went to her and asked:

"'Where will you fly, darling?'

"'Up to the stars and things.'

"'Who is going with you, Dorothy?'

"'I'm going alone; may I go, Papa?'

"'Will you come back again to Papa?'

"'Yes, Papa; may I go?'

"'Yes, darling, if you will come back again to Papa, you may fly.'

"'Thank you, Papa.'

"She closed her eyes and was motionless for perhaps less than half a minute, when she opened her eyes, saying:

"'I'm back again, Papa.'

"'Did you fly, Dorothy?'

"'Yes, Papa, up past the stars: I went alone, but some one came back with me.'

"'Who came back with you?'

"'He was—(she seemed at a loss to describe) —he came back with me, but he is not here now: he is gone again.'

"Then, fearing she would exhaust herself, I bade her rest and tell me all about it later. With a sweet, 'All right, Papa,' she turned on her side. In about a minute I noticed a change in her breathing, and ere we could speak again the beautiful angel had flown; but the message of joy on her face made heaven ours, and Dorothea 'God's gift' to us forever."

But now a change had found place in the character of the long-anticipated visit to America, which had been least of all expected. The

blow fell most heavily upon the mother's heart; for a mother's love the mother only knows. Yet Mrs. Ussher's gaze was above the dark cloud which had so suddenly enveloped her. She manifested a calmness and a strength which were not her own. The support of the Divine Presence did not fail her in the hour of greatest need. She had an appointment to speak at a missionary meeting of ladies in Hartford, to be held immediately after the funeral of her little girl.

Would she attempt to fill it? No one thought she could. Yet in a quiet, chastened demeanour, with apparently perfect self-control, with no allusion to what she had passed through, she filled the half hour allotted her with an earnest plea for the work she loved so well. It was to the astonishment of all present. Her hearers, as it were, held their breath, in nervous sympathy and apprehension. It was afterwards referred to many times. One said to another, "How could Mrs. Ussher speak under such circumstances?" It was the "obstinate persistency" of the little girl with her parents in the parsonage, now sanctified, directed by reason, and so made fit for the Master's use. The feelings which would naturally rebel against what so often seems to us an unnecessary affliction, were wholly set



MRS. USSHER AFTER THE DEATH OF HER LITTLE GIRL



aside. She said: "I have a little girl in heaven —with Jesus. Shall I do less for him now? May I not do more? Shall I not begin to realize now that I have a treasure laid up in heaven? I need not be troubled or afraid. We named her 'God given.' We can surely trust him to care for her. Can we imagine how beautiful may be her development in the higher life?"

Mrs. Ussher taught her children to think of little Dorothea as in heaven, and to speak of her as not dead, but as living there. Her grandfather was not at home at the time of her death, and when, a little time after, he returned, the younger sister went to the railroad station to meet him. As he took the hand of the little one to walk home, she looked up in his face, and in her childish innocence, as if to tell him some good news, said, "Dorothy has gone up to heaven to live!"

Mrs. Ussher had her mind so largely upon the lace work, which at Van had been her care for a good while—the providing of material, the securing of more profitable markets for the sale of the goods, etc.—that, with other work, like correspondence and the making of missionary addresses, she found but little time to visit with her friends. It was sometimes remarked, while

she was at her father's house, that she could be seen only at meal times. Neither did she find much time for social visiting with family friends, or for any form of recreation.

When the year of furlough had expired, and Mrs. Ussher was about to say good-by to the friends that then seemed so dear to her, she was heard to remark, that she thought she had made a mistake in not taking more time for seeing the loved ones, that would now be for long years out of sight. She added that when she should come to America again she would do differently.

Her second vacation involved larger issues than would the coming to America. Must we not believe that she has found abundant opportunity for unspeakably sweet communion with the dear ones who had passed on before her? Has not the cup of her mother joy been full as she has found that she was right in teaching her little girl to say that Dorothea had gone up to heaven to live?

At one time, when she had in some way received an erroneous impression in regard to her mother's health, and thought she might have passed away, she asked in her letter, "Has Mother indeed gone to find little Dorothea?"

It may be believed that some day her mother will find little Dorothea and little Dorothea's Mother, in the enjoyment together of a life of which we can now have no conception.

IX

THE RETURN TO THE FIELD

THE return journey was without unusual incident until the party reached Batoom, at the eastern extremity of the Black Sea, from which place they could proceed by rail to a point within a few days' travel, by wagon or horseback, to Van. We will now quote from one of Mrs. Ussher's letters of that time:

"Let me tell you a little of our overland journey. We spent one day in Batoom, leaving at night for Tiflis which we reached about seven o'clock the next morning. We were sorry to miss all that fine scenery of the Caucasus, but it could not be helped. At Tiflis we had only about eight hours to do a little shopping, necessary before attempting the rest of the journey. But in the first place a good deal of this time had to be spent in trying to find a hotel, and then, after that, in finding something to eat. And at last we found only third-rate

accommodations, as the city was full of tourists, many of whom were going to Echmiadzin, to the anointing of the new Armenian Catholicos.

"We took the train for Karkhoon (our nearest stopping place towards Van) at four that afternoon, and we had a very trying night, as the cars were crowded full. At about midnight we were suddenly told that we must change cars. And this change was from a second to a third-class train, which in respect to comfort meant a good deal to us. Besides, had it not been for the kindness of an Armenian gentleman, whom we had met on the Black Sea, and who was on his way to Etchmiadzin, we never could have taken off all our hand luggage in time. The children were asleep, and we ourselves partly undressed, when we were told to change. The only light we had was from a sputtering little candle on the wall; and such persons as porters were evidently never heard of on this road. We barely caught the other train, in which we had to sit on dirty wooden benches for the rest of the night. Karkhoon is near Etchmiadzin where we spent Sunday. May we be delivered from ever getting into such a crowd again. It was said that 20,000 Armenians had gathered there. Accommodations could be had for only about 2000, and food was at a premium.

We went hungry part of the time, as our hosts insisted upon providing for us, and then, of course, could not get around to feeding every one—ourselves included. We, however, were honoured guests, and were furnished with a very nice room in the theological school building, connected with the monastery, and were given special tickets of admission to the cathedral, where the high ceremonies were to take place.

"As we were trying to follow His Holiness into the cathedral, the crowd surged upon us so that later, when the Russian soldiers had to charge through, with fixed bayonets, because of the panic, the rush was so great that a lady beside me and I were thrown to the ground, and only Clarence's strong arm and quick action saved us from being trampled on—saved us from crushed ribs, and it may be from death itself. It was a very narrow escape. But we were extricated from the dreadful jam, and finally reached our room, glad enough to be there. Thousands were turned away from the cathedral door. That evening we were granted a special interview with the Catholicos, and we were much pleased with the spirit of the venerable old man.

"The next day we set out for Igdir. Three of us, with our luggage, went in an old foor-



MT. ARARAT FROM ERIVAN PLAIN IN RUSSIA

From painting from nature by Baghdasarian, an Armenian artist.

goon, or heavy, springless wagon, which took seven hours to cover the twenty-three miles. At Igdir we found a better foorgoon, which, with the carriage, that accommodated four people, brought us safely to Van in four and a half days.

"This overland trip was not particularly restful, although it was all very interesting. For four days we were within a short distance from Mt. Ararat, going around it. One pass was more than 8000 feet high, and we had to put yokes of oxen and buffaloes before our horses before we could get up the very steep ascents. In some places the road was badly washed out, and our men had to hold on with all their might to preserve the equilibrium of the foorgoon, and so keep it from rolling down the mountain side. We crossed lava beds, which extended many miles,—said to be the largest in the world. The scenery was most magnificent. And it was much pleasanter to our view than the dangerous places that we must cross.

"There was another party along with us. They were in two carriages, one of which was overturned, and went rolling down a precipice; but, singularly enough, no one in it was seriously injured.

"Two nights were spent in the open, as our

drivers refused to go on to a village. I made a bed for the children under the foorgoon, and when a shower came up, I protected them as best I could. It is needless to say they caught cold, and we older ones slept but little. Now, however, in the joy of being at home again, all these minor difficulties are forgotten.

"But in order to reach home at the time indicated in the telegram, sent from Constantinople to our friends here, we were obliged to travel, with only a short resting spell, twenty-two consecutive hours. The children slept except when we had to walk up the worst part of the steepest places; fortunately there was a moon, so we got along all right. It was rather weird to walk up the mountains in the moonlight with the children, but they seemed to enjoy it. Part of the time our old assistant, Krekore, took baby in front of him on the mule. After that he begged to ride on the 'mool.'

"And then such a welcome home! It was worth being away more than a year to see how glad the people were to welcome us again. Some hired carriages, but more walked five or six miles, 'to bring us in.' The young men of Clarence's 'Temperance and Purity League' had a big blue and white flag over their omnibus, and several others dashed ahead on horseback, firing

their revolvers into the air, as the most significant way of expressing their joy. All the Americans, Germans, teachers and church members, came out; so we formed a long cavalcade through the city streets. People came running to the doors and windows to see us pass. At almost every door there was some one to salute us; and it made us feel so glad, and so humble, when we realized how unworthy we were of such love. It was not till then that I was really happy in the thought that our beautiful vacation was over, and the long stretch of service was before us. Since then it has seemed good to feel the harness again. I only hope that I may pull true and steady!

"I need not tell you how hard we had to pray for strength when we closed our door upon the joyous, singing crowd, and we five were alone in our home—in a home that can never seem as it used to before our darling left us. For some days I was almost startled at the vivid expectation of meeting her, at this or that place, where she used to play about. Her spirit has seemed very near us; it did very especially yesterday, as it was her birthday.

"For a few days we boarded with the other missionaries, but soon we had our stove up and our dishes out, so we could begin to have our

meals at home. We like our new stove very much although it burns a great deal of wood, and wood is very scarce this year; so we use our oil stove as much as possible. As a result of the repacking of our fruit jars, filled with Stonington groceries, four were broken, and their contents scattered through the excelsior, but that is not a bad proportion. Almost all our things came through well this time. The boxes that we sent off last are on their way from Trebizond, and we hope they will reach us before the snows set in. Our rooms are all arranged and it remains to set in order closets, cupboards and drawers. This getting things set to rights has had to be done by piecemeal, as we have had such a constant stream of callers that no consecutive work has been possible.

"We have had at least a hundred callers and we have been able to return but two calls so far. You can infer how some of my time will have to go for the next month. I hoped to open the lace work a week ago, but repairs on the rooms prevented. The girls come to-morrow for the first time. Then also Clarence will open the hospital, with three operations in the morning.

"To-day he started early for a village five hours away, to see a sick man. He will probably not get back till after dark, and will feel pretty

stiff and sore, as he has not ridden horseback for so long a time. He had to borrow a horse as his dear old Nedjib has been stolen. He was taken away from Igdir before we reached the place, and no one knows by whom, or how. But it is our supposition that the khanje himself disposed of him. The matter is in the hands of the local police, and of the American consul at Batoum; but as Igdir is just on the border of the three countries, it will be hard to find the thief or to prove anything.

"Oh, I must now tell you about our experiment last evening, as you may be interested to try it. We suspended a darning needle, by a fairly short thread, over the heads of the people in the room. The needle must be near the hair but not touch it. When over the head of a man it would begin to vibrate back and forth in a straight line; but when over the head of a woman it went round in a circle. It is said that you can test the sex of eggs in the same way. We found when we tried it that the needle acted differently in different cases. When there is no life in the egg, the needle remains stationary. Of course the hand holding the needle must be steady. One would hardly believe this to be really true unless he had seen it.

"My lace work is in full swing again now. I

am having a happy birthday, with aplenty to keep me busy. I have written three letters, and now I must attend to the children's lessons."

The little episode in the life of the missionaries at Van, when, as Mrs. Ussher relates, they learned of the strange action of the needle, is noticed in this sketch to show that, while they were devoting all their strength to the one work of bringing a new and happier life to the people around them, they felt the necessity of an occasional let up in the otherwise constant strain of each day's work and care.

And, besides, they, like other missionaries in the foreign field, naturally felt a peculiar interest in the on moving of the great world of life and activity, from which they were shut out. Also the making of the daily life of the children of the station pleasant and happy, while their proper training was not neglected, must ever be kept in mind.

In this it fell to Mrs. Ussher to have a prominent part. And that it was so was greatly to her enjoyment; she loved little children, and to care for, and train them, notwithstanding that, when in America, she seemed so oblivious to everything which did not directly contribute to the success of her scheme for helping the poor

women of Turkey. And an hour of fun-making recreation, when it was in the line of retaining strength for the best work for others, she would enter into with the greatest heartiness.

And while Van seems so far removed from the world's great centers of activity, it still has a certain connection with wealth and fashion, which is not the case, to the same extent, with some other mission stations that seem nearer at hand. It is the seat of government of the province, and the residence of vice consuls of the great powers of Europe. This necessitates, for the sake of a favourable view by these officials of what the missionaries are trying to accomplish, the observance of certain rules and functions, involving the spending of a little time and of incurring some slight expense. Mrs. Ussher was always ready to do her full share in making such occasions pleasant and profitable.

And more, the geographical situation of Van contributes not a little to a certain novelty in the enjoyment of the newest things; this is because it is reputed to be the place of the oldest things. Do not the beautiful gardens outside the walls of the city of Van include the very site of the Garden of Eden? There are those who affirm that it is verily so. And it certainly is no easier

to dispute their claims than it is to show the absurdity of affirming that Adam and Eve once sat under the shade of trees that bore their alluring fruit amid the now icy regions of the North Pole. Or, somewhere else.

But, allowing that it is possible to raise some doubt in regard to the exact site of the ancient Garden, one thing does seem, from the record, to be removed from the field of discussion, namely, that the illustrious descendant of Adam did navigate his big ship to the top of Ararat, where it rested for a good while. And when the venerable patriarch finally let out his strange lot of passengers, he must have looked down upon the lovely valleys, that have ever since been the favourite home of mankind. And so to live, it may be, in the very place where it is thought that Adam and Eve sat under the tree, and ate the forbidden fruit; or, if not that, at least where Noah and his sons planted their vineyards and watched their flocks, and to compare their mode of living, and ways of thinking, with the latest results of scientific thought and invention, like wireless telegraphy and machines, without life, that talk and sing—to be where, in your thought, these things meet, must serve to kindle within one emotions most peculiar and most rare.



IN VAN, DR. USSHER'S HOUSE IN THE CENTER

Mrs. Ussher, from her frequent allusion to the ancient things about her, and even the indications of the remains of things prehistoric, together with her ever keen interest in the newest wonders of to-day, showed that she felt that she was in a world where the most distant extremes, as has been long believed, are strangely mingled to form an unquestioned present. This added a peculiar uniqueness to her home at Van.

X

IN THE HARNESS AGAIN

"I ONLY HOPE I MAY PULL TRUE AND STEADY"

THESE words were suggested to Mrs. Ussher by her experiences on the overland journey when returning to her old field of labour. This journey was made by means of the heavy old springless vehicles—which we have already noticed—drawn by horses that must make their way among ruts and rocks, or with spasmodic jerks in endeavouring to extricate their load from bogs and mire. Sometimes the harness would break under unreasonable efforts to free the wagon from its obstructions; or perhaps that would remain unmovable while its wheels were sinking still deeper into the mud. Mrs. Ussher did not wish to do her work as those horses had been obliged to do theirs. She wished rather to be able "to pull true and steady."

Every missionary, on returning to the field where he has spent many years, and to the peo-

ple for whom he feels a peculiar affection, is sure to experience a kind of elation of spirits, as these friends that he had made, crowd upon him with a welcome that is shown in no unmistakable fashion; and he is for the first time glad that his "beautiful vacation" is over; but still things will not seem to him quite as they were when he left them. It will take him a little time "to get his hand in." Until he does, it will not seem to himself that he is quite fitting himself into his surroundings.

But with Dr. and Mrs. Ussher the one sad circumstance was that a sweet little face that used to make home so bright, was no longer there. The loss came to them with a sharper poignancy of grief than that which they had felt while in the homeland. But the mother's remarkable strength of purpose, and the calmness of her self-control, did not forsake her. She was soon deeply interested in her work; if with a spirit more subdued, with an ardor no less warm and pressing. And while she never for a moment forgot that her mission was

> "to tell the story
> Of unseen things above,"

to those who, in the darkness of their sinful lives, were held down to things below, she also

felt that it was her duty, as well as her great joy, to care for, and instruct, the little ones that God had given her, and had still left to her here.

And it also added to her pleasure in doing this, that she could make it a part of her work as a missionary, in showing to the people around her what a real home is, a home made up of Christian parents and their children. Accordingly what she most naturally, and most gladly, would do for her own, was made a part of that which it was most necessary to do for others. Thus her home life should be made a preacher, whose message could be understood, a message the same in every language, and among all peoples.

But in addition to teaching her children, she also found time to give some instruction in the schools. It had been her original purpose to be a teacher, and she was glad that, with changed circumstances, she was not obliged to abandon this purpose altogether.

It was, however, in visiting the women at their homes that she felt that she was doing her most direct, if not the most important, work as a missionary. In this she could come in intimate contact with those who needed to hear of Jesus and his love. She also had her



ONE OF POVERTY'S YOUNG CAPTIVES



REDEEMED, EIGHT MONTHS LATER

best opportunity to show the sympathy which she yearned to have the poor, and often suffer-ering, women know that she felt for them. Withal she tried, as far as she could, to instruct them in respect to matters that, as wives and mothers, they so much needed to know. She tried to tell them about the training of their children, and how they could make their homes happier. A kind and cheering word for a mother she always had.

The teaching of the women to make beautiful lace, and the giving of wages for the same, as affording them an opportunity to get something honestly towards their living, while, at the same time they were taught of Christ as their Saviour and Friend, has already been noticed. Deep interest in this undertaking Mrs. Ussher never ceased to feel. Time and effort for its best success she never ceased to give.

Mrs. Ussher was an indefatigable worker. She planned for much, and no small obstacle could prevent the carrying out of the plan. Many times in great bodily weakness and pain she would keep on with her work, saying nothing of herself. Three or four years before her death she unfortunately slipped on the ice and fell, breaking the lower extremity of the spinal column. She was on her way to a meeting with

the women. She continued to go on, and when she reached the house where they had met, she sat down with them on the floor, in accordance with their custom. But when she attempted to rise she could not. She received the necessary surgical attention, but at times she suffered a good deal, and was never entirely without inconvenience from the injury. Yet she continued to do her work very much as before. The strength of an indomitable will came into play now, as so many times before. She was, however, ever ready to say, " The Lord is the strength of my life."

XI

AFFECTED BY THE GREAT WAR

ALTHOUGH not yet in the path of contending armies, no sooner was war declared in Europe than the shadow of coming events fell upon Van. The peoples of Turkey were troubled. An order went forth for the mobilization of her armies. The peasant farmer heard the call, and he must leave his unwinnowed grain on the ground. Men of all the trades must drop their tools without an hour of delay. The Moslem and the Christian were alike included. Each conscript must furnish himself with rations for five days, though he might leave his wife and children without food for one day. Only one thing was to be considered, and that was instant obedience to a suddenly issued, absolute command. A man's own condition, or the health, or even the life, of his family did not come into the account. Many, very many, families were left in a destitute and suffering condition.

And it is also to be noticed that almost immediately unjust discriminaton began to be made in the ranks of the soldiers. The Armenians were singled out, disarmed, and made to do menial service in the camps. Very naturally abuse of many kinds would follow from those whom they were made to serve. And when, a few months later, Turkey was engaged in a formally declared war with her powerful foes, the dishonoured lot of her Armenian soldiers grew still more unbearable. It was perceived by them, and also by those left at home, that this was doubtless the beginning of the old persecution of their race. Nothing less than more massacres could be expected. This made the condition of the poor families, bereft of their bread winners, still more desperate.

Those in the vicinity of Van began to look, in their distress, to the American missionaries for sympathy, and, if possible, for some material assistance. But as the war went on, and means of communication with the outside world were largely cut off, it became difficult for the missionaries to procure what they needed for themselves. They were reduced to borrowing money from merchants in the city.

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Ussher was

obliged to stop her lace work when the poor workers needed it most. This was a great sorrow to her. She could not possibly pay them their hire while no money came to her hand. War in Europe prevented her from giving employment to the starving poor in far off Armenia. Surely war is a world-wide calamity. Who can compute its losses? who can know its horrors? The missionaries were fast approaching a realization that these questions can not be answered. They had hoped, and they had prayed, that Turkey might not get involved in the mad strife of the nations; but now they began to see that they themselves were being drawn into the outer edge of the insatiable vortex of destruction. They did not then know that they were at last to be subjected to the cruelties of its unrestrained fury. During these days Mrs. Ussher wrote "We do not fear any personal injury." Alas, all the injuries that war inflicts are not confined to the battlefield!

But the suffering of the people in and around Van did not, for the most part, result from a sudden change of circumstances; it came by gradual approaches. It came, as food among the poorer people grew less. In Eastern lands there are always some who are well-to-do among the

poor; it was so at Van. After the war had been in progress a few months, Mrs. Ussher writes:

"Yesterday I made six calls on our Y.W.C.A., and others, in the afternoon, wading through deep mud all the way; so you see that I am improving. I am obliged to report our dear Miss Bond seriously sick with what appears to be typhus—the dread disease which we hear Mr. Stapleton and his two girls have now, and which is raging at Erzroom. We have recently taken on an extra force of nurses, so, with the help of different members of our station, the work of the hospital goes on as usual.

"We have lately had a present of two turkeys, and as I have wanted for a long time to be able to entertain the six young men of our college class, I am planning to give them the birds at a dinner soon; also having their faculty, with their wives, come in later, for a social time. I greatly enjoy my Bible lessons with them, as they are bright, responsive fellows, eager to learn, and appreciative of what they are getting.

"Do not feel anxious about us. By strict economy, foregoing some things, we are getting

along very comfortably. We have great occasion to be thankful that, as a family, we are keeping so well."

Mrs. Ussher not only got up a little entertainment for her college class of young men, by means of the two small turkeys given her, but she also taught the little children of the station to share their good things with their mates. A few days later she adds:

"The younger children call themselves 'The Kindness Club,' and they try to carry out their idea of making others happy. Last Saturday they gave a Christmas party to fifteen little Armenian children, and had a most jolly time together.

"Conditions are *in statu quo*. Armenian Christmas calls are the order of the day. The cold weather has mercifully kept off so far this winter. Articles in The Congregationalist and Missionary publications are true to life here."

About a month later Mrs. Ussher puts on a postal for her American friends (she did not dare to send a sealed letter because of the censor):

"We have had no letters from you for a long time, no papers and no reliable news; we are longing to know what is going on in the world."

In a letter dated the last day of January she says:

"I am sitting as I write in our west, open-roof room, keeping watch over baby, who takes his naps up here. You can judge by this how warm it is for this time of year. And such a beautiful view as I have from this place!

"To the north is the irregular, rugged range which we call Topra Kala, with its funny little 'match-box' on its most commanding peak; to the south are the more regular, lower, snow-covered hills, only broken by the monastery of The Holy Cross; while the whole of the western horizon is filled with the expanse of the blue lake, with Castle Rock rising abruptly from the intervening plain.

"In spite of the hard times the schools have taken in more than five hundred dollars for the last half year. This will help considerably towards the teachers' salaries, and also shows how eager the people are that their children should have an education. In many cases the small tuition we charge means real self-sacrifice on the

part of the parents. We feel, however, that it is better for them to try to help, as what they get free is never appreciated. The same thing is so true in the medical department that we have as a rule that something, even though it be but ten paras (one cent), must be given for medicines.

"Of course, a great deal is given to the poor, and Clarence never refuses a real charity patient. We have had nothing coming in from outside, except aid from the Red Cross, for some months; and we are very thankful that so far all our obligations have been met. Yet I confess that the future does look dark to me sometimes. For personal needs we have to borrow from the merchants, as there is no way to receive funds from outside."

In a letter of later date, she speaks of being reduced to three cents; but they could borrow, while there were many about them with as little money, and they could not borrow. And when it was announced to them from the mission treasurer at Constantinople that a little money had come for them—being gifts from friends in America—and she was able to announce that the lace rooms would be opened again, her superintendent of the work—a woman who could

be trusted, and must be present with the less skilled workers all the time—cried for joy.

In another letter Mrs. Ussher says that the lace factory is employing again its full quota of a hundred girls; but in receiving these they had made thorough examination, and only those who were actually without bread had been received.

And now again the postals were cast aside and the venture made to write in sealed letters. But some of these were opened, and the censor evidently tried hard to get rid of what seemed to him poor English! Yet one passage which he allowed to come through, contained these words:

"The clouds grow darker and more threatening. However, the day must break some time. Tension between classes is more in evidence than formerly. Every day we pray that the city's present peace and quiet may continue; but we shall not be surprised should a break come at any time. There has long been cause enough for it, and we marvel at the patience and self-control of certain parties. It is so unsatisfactory to be limited in one's *conversation!* We shall be glad when we can talk face to face, shall we not? and then what a lot we shall have to tell each other!"

The last letter that Mrs. Ussher received from her parents, or other friends in America, was dated February 19th. From that time all letters from without, for Van, failed to reach their destination, while letters from within were received outside with some degree of regularity. For five months letters were written weekly to the missionaries, but not one was received.

This was one of the hard conditions of living in Van at this time, that no reliable news could come from without. Even local news—news from Turkey itself—it was hard to get. The missionaries knew that a fearful world conflict was going on, and that was about all. But, with this uncertainty, what also was the condition of friends at home? Were they sick or well? were they alive, or were they dead? One near friend was buried in the family lot with little Dorothea, and this was reported in successive letters, but none of these were received.

XII

THE CONFLICT

VAN BESIEGED BY TURKS, DEFENDED BY ARMENIANS

IN a letter, begun on the 8th of May, Mrs. Ussher wrote:

"If you received my post card of April 19th, our last post day, you understood that trouble was imminent. It has come. But let me assure you at once that we are safe so far, and as well as could be expected in the circumstances. Our own health and safety seem of secondary importance, except as they affect the thousands around us who look to us for both. Would that I might spare you an account of these last three weeks! I have started several times to write, but simply could not continue. We, however, owe it to our Armenian friends—whom we are proud to call such—to let you know a little of the terrible experiences which they are passing through.

"Perhaps I may give you a more properly connected view of these events if I transcribe a few notes from my diary:

"'April 19th. News has come of the burning of the villages where Miss McLaren has so often visited the schools. Our new schoolhouse has gone with the rest of the buildings. We have tried to telegraph to the consul at Harpoot, and also to our ambassador at Constantinople, and although receipts were given for the telegrams, we learn that they have not been sent. The Vali has promised not to put soldiers within our premises, but his attitude is not friendly. We know that the fight is on.

"'Miss McLaren and Schwester Martha have been working in the Turkish hospital, in the city, for five months. And although they are only two miles from us, we are able to get no news from them. No one from this side can safely venture beyond the line of the revolutionary positions, and no Turk dare show himself in this part of the city.

"'For two weeks we had absolutely no news when an old woman, holding a flag of truce, brought a letter from the Vali, in which he gave assurance that the two ladies were well and comfortable. He did not say that they are busy,

but we think they are from the number of wounded soldiers reported. One woman was killed while bearing a message, with a white flag, for the Italian consul to the Vali. Another was wounded while sitting in her shed on our premises. So the Armenian leader will not permit more attempts to get news. We do not know when we shall hear again from our dear Miss McLaren.

"'April 20th. The Turks began the struggle by attacking an orphan girl, who, with several village women, was trying to escape to the German premises. The revolutionists fired to protect her, and the war was on. This occurred in front of the gate of the German compound, so many were eye witnesses that the trouble was initiated by the Turks. Although the Vali calls it a rebellion, it is really an effort to protect the lives and the homes of the Armenians. As such it has our sympathy in heart, although in action, and technically, we must be strictly neutral. To this end we allow no armed men to enter our premises.

"'There has been constant firing, both with rifles and cannon and now at night a perfect hail of bullets is falling about us, but, strange to say, with scarcely any damage. The great-

est harm is the burning of Armenian houses in various parts of the city.

" 'We have applications for rooms from many families, so that we, as it were, are keeping a hotel with some seventy guests. Every room from the attic to the halls is piled with goods of every description. Some of our guests sublet their rooms, and ask for the privilege of staying in our attic, or unoccupied spots in our wood room. Of course we are rather thick, but we are glad to be able to shelter a few.

" 'Our own family are all together in the middle bedroom, which is barricaded by a wall of large oil cans filled with earth. This shuts out most of the sunlight, but the windows are down from the top so that we have good ventilation. The sitting-room windows are protected by bags of flour piled up on the wide window sills, and a triple hanging of heavy blankets across the windows, to keep the stray bullets out.

" 'April 21st. Reports come to us of the burning of village after village, with outrages upon the women and children, and the shooting of the men. At night we could see the light of fires at Artemid, our summer home on the lake, about ten miles away, and at other villages. We learned later that our caretaker

at Artemid had been killed, and that his wife had her hand cut off in trying to save him. The house had been looted, nothing left inside, but we are glad that the house itself has not been burned.

"'We have had no word for more than two weeks from the less than one hundred Armenians who are defending themselves within the walled city. As we have seen the fires raging there, and the cannon, as they were fired from Castle Rock directly upon the roofs of the houses, we have feared the worst. But we learn that the Armenians have suffered but little loss. The thick walls of their houses afford excellent protection, while they live in the lower part.

"'Since the burning of the post and telegraph offices we have had no communication from the outside world. If our mail is accumulating somewhere, we shall have a pile of it when it finally comes through. The revolutionists are constantly sending runners by night to the border, to try to hasten the help which has been so long promised from the north. We have sent the same message by them at three different times. We have felt that we ought to get some word to our Government. We have written, "Internal trouble in Van. Ottoman

Government threatens to bombard our premises. American lives in danger. Inform American Government. To Americans, or any foreign consul."

" 'April 22nd. The British consulate has been burned. Artemid is still burning. It is reported that fifty persons have been killed in this village alone. We try to keep ourselves busy, while shut up in the house all day, that we may the better bear the strain.

" 'April 23rd. The revolutionists burned a large barracks to-day, but the soldiers had escaped through a tunnel dug into an adjoining garden. Some supplies, and a lot of flags, were taken as souvenirs. An exploded bomb struck our house.

" 'April 24th. I have packed two trunks and a suit case, to have ready what would be most needed, should our premises be bombarded, as the Vali threatened that they should be, or if they should get afire.

" 'April 26th. In accordance with the advice of the Italian consul, we, at much pains, made an Italian flag, to hoist, if it should seem to be needed, over our buildings. But the Vali forbade our making such use of it. In the evening, at our English service, we sang such hymns as " O God, our help in ages past," " God moves

in a mysterious way," and "Peace, perfect peace." I never realized before how much such hymns could mean to us.

"'We have been marvellously protected from these flying bullets. Of course we can not tell how much the Vali's threat to bombard our premises may mean. He is very angry with us for befriending the rebels, and unless pressure is brought to bear upon him from outside, we shall not be surprised at any turn his cruel fanaticism may take. Still we are not disturbed in spirit.

"'The firing is always worse at night, so our sleep is disturbed; but during the day we work as usual, and indeed much more than usual as the sick and the poor need so much attention. It is a marvel how Clarence stands the strain. He has 141 patients in the hospital, and a host outside among the refugees, who need food more than they need medical advice. Yet they beg him to treat them. As no Turkish doctor dare show his head in this quarter, he is the only one to look after them all. At least twenty babies have been born in the hospital during these three weeks.

"'I am now to help in one of the outside refuges, where there are many sick. So I shall have to give up Neville's lessons, which will not

be a bad thing, as he is so busy helping on the premises.

" 'April 27th. A small band, escorting a company of 2000 women and children, from the villages of the Hiatzsoor region, surrounded a band of Kurds, killed sixteen, took their rifles, and brought their own people in safety to Varak monastery, where there is plenty of food.

" 'To-day a cannon ball struck the church, near the front door, but did little harm. These thick mud walls are a fine protection.

" 'April 28th. The Italian consul called and advised our sending a messenger to the border as soon as possible. This we did.

" 'April 29th. Snow, cold, mud. Three Turkish positions taken. One hundred and five cannon balls fired with little effect.

" 'April 30th. A party of 200 cavalry and foot soldiers attacked Varak and Shushantz villages, but were repulsed.

" 'May 1st. First bright day for a week. Sharp firing in various directions. Our nearest village, Sukhkar, burned. A man killed on our premises by a stray bullet.

" 'May 2nd. Another Sunday which seems little like Sunday.

" 'May 3rd. Fighting on the outer defenses. Armenians have the advantage.

" 'May 4th. A band of Bitlis Kurds, wearing the white turban, gained control of a line of new trenches, and were dislodged with difficulty. One of our nurses recklessly exposed himself and was killed by shrapnel.

" 'May 5th. More refugees arrive. A bullet passed between two women standing on our east open roof. Armenians first used their home-made mortar for throwing dynamite bombs. Were successful. It is now more than two weeks since fighting began in the city, and the Armenians have the advantage. By this you see that the Vali has not succeeded in his diabolical purpose to wipe them out in three days. He must be surprised at such unheard-of resistance. But the Armenians say that, if they are finally overpowered, the Turks shall pay dearly for their victory.

" 'There is a strong resistance made in the city, for it is expected that the Russians will soon come to our assistance. But in the defenceless villages the story is very different. There the tragedy is too awful to be described. It is nothing but systematic and wholesale massacre. There is first the killing, and then the taking of prisoners, and sending them to the head of the Armenians to be fed. In this way it is expected that starvation will finish the slaugh-

ter. It is now evident that there was a well-laid plan to wipe out *all* the villages of the vilayet, and then crush the city rebels.

"'Before the trouble began here, many of the outlying villages had been burned, and the inhabitants killed or driven away. So from the first our refugees were villagers, some from a distance. So when our premises could hold no more, the houses near by, and protected by the positions held by the revolutionists, were also filled. It is estimated that there are at least 10,000 fugitives who are being fed by us in the gardens. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of their condition. Fleeing without time even to collect their food, they come to us barefoot, ragged, hungry, and half sick from exposure and fear.

"'Many of the Turkish soldiers are averse to this butchery; so the Vali has promised plunder and glory to the lawless Kurds, who are nothing loath to do his will. One morning forty women and children, dying or wounded from Turkish bullets, were brought to our hospital. Littles ones crying pitifully for their mothers who had been killed while fleeing, and mothers mourning for their children whom they had been obliged to leave behind on the plains. Sometimes when

the mother was carrying one and the father another older, they could not manage the third one. Can any one imagine a condition more pitiable than that these parents were in! Oh, I could tell you stories that would simply break your heart. It is needless to harrow your feelings, but there are two little waifs, sitting now in the sun, in our yard, about whom I must tell you. They were found near our garden gate this morning, crying from cold and hunger. The older, a girl about five or six, had carried her two-year-old brother on her back from the Varak monastery, which had been a refuge for 2000 villagers before the Turks burnt it up yesterday morning. Their mother who had two other children to bring, had left them and they followed on alone as best they could. They spent the night on the plain alone, and why they did not freeze I can not see, for the baby had absolutely nothing on him but a ragged cotton shirt. The night was very cold. Their hands and feet were blistered and sore, and they were so hungry that we could not get a word from them till after they had had a bath, a warm breakfast, and some clean clothes. Their mother has not appeared, and several persons are hunting for her.

" ' One of the refugees is the " Road Church



FLEEING FROM MASSACRE

Dove,"* who had to flee with her father-in-law, leaving her two children with their grandmother. She came in two weeks ago, and she did not know till yesterday whether or not her children were among those who had their throats cut by Turks when her village was burned. Yesterday, at the command of the Vali, the rest of the women and children of that village were brought to the city to be fed. This is in accordance with the plan to make so many mouths to fill that the food will fail. Aghavni was delighted to see her boy again, a beautiful child of four years, whose first word was: "I'm hungry." She then asked about the five-year-old sister, only to be told that she had died on the way! Aghavni's husband obeyed the summons to join the army some months ago, and now no one knows where he is.' "

These extracts from Mrs. Ussher's diary give only a glimpse of a few of the deeds of unspeakable cruelty, visited upon many thousands of innocent Armenians, by the Turkish Government in its effort to crush those of that peo-

* The First Congregational Church in Stonington, Conn.—often called the Road Church—for a series of years supported a girl in the school at Van. This girl's name was Aghavni, meaning in Armenian, Dove.

ple who were righteously trying to defend themselves—their families and their firesides. The effort is to show how the author of these notes was related to these events.

XIII

FAITH IN EXERCISE

LOOKING POSSIBILITIES IN THE FACE

TO be brought into great and imminent peril involves a certain test of character. It may be a very severe test. And in accordance with one's course of action in such circumstances, there is often said to be a showing of bravery, or of weakness. Such judgment, however, may not be wholly correct; there may not be opportunity to understand the whole matter. It may not be possible to see what, to the view of the one put in jeopardy, is included in the danger, which he must meet, or from which attempt to escape. This in regard to one's self personally. But if what we do or what we fail to do, subjects others, who are dependent upon us, to danger—it may be to great loss, or even to death itself—the question at once broadens in its scope, and to decide what we should do becomes far more difficult. The question no longer remains in the field of simple

ethics. Or if it does, there is crowded into it that which is of infinite moment. The deepest and tenderest love which is possible to our human nature may be involved.

Such was the case with the missionaries at Van, when they were shut up to a cruel and relentless bombardment of their homes by the Turks. They could present no defense of themselves and their little children but the flag of their country, and that was being riddled and torn by the bullets of their enemy. The bombshells were entering their dwellings. Shrapnel was tearing to pieces the furniture of their bedrooms. Cannon balls were falling on their premises. To minister to the sick and suffering exposed them to the possibility of death at any moment. They had known very well in what condition they might be placed; they had known that by harbouring and caring for the suffering Armenians they were incurring the deadly hatred of the local government. Should they not then have made provision for the safety of their own little ones, while they might do the best the circumstances would allow for the great crowds gathered about them? They had hoped that they, and those whom they were trying to protect, might find deliverance from the awful fate which a general massacre, upon



DR. USSHER'S LATER HOME

In one corner of this house the children were gathered, trying to escape the bursting shells.

their premises, would involve. But that hope was fast becoming a forlorn one. They had tried to send word to possible friends coming to their relief, but in vain. Those who were bravely defending themselves against the common enemy could not hold out indefinitely. Should the missionaries have allowed themselves to be left in such a plight? Was it right? Yes, it was right. They did not waver in their decision. They were where God in his providence had placed them, and they would not flee. They had had no thought of it from the first. Do you ask, How did the fathers and mothers feel as they looked upon those dear little children, or pressed them to their hearts! No answer can be given. Even those who have passed through such hours of waiting can not tell the story. Its meaning no words can convey. It can not be within the thought of those who have not had the experience.

The days were indeed growing dark. The missionaries often met together to mingle their thoughts, and to speak to the one Friend who could save. They would sing together some of the old hymns, written in times of persecution and danger, and they found in them a fullness of meaning never before perceived. So the hours passed. The possibility, of which they

could not speak to the confiding little ones, seemed more imminent. They strained their eyes towards the distant horizon. Was there any sign? There was none. It was only to wait.

And while they waited before Him who, notwithstanding all, they were fully persuaded was still "mighty to save,"—while the hours of that Sabbath day, which should be a day of cheer and rest, amid the roar of hostile guns sank slowly into deepening gloom, suddenly, as if an answering voice from heaven, deliverance came! A message! The Turks were leaving their trenches! They were fleeing! A rumour had reached their ears. A Russian force was near. Escape they must. So the long siege was raised. Wild rejoicing was everywhere, and "songs of deliverance" filled the air.

For the first time in their life the Armenians felt that they were relieved from the hand of a cruel master. They set up a government of their own, and began to try to restore some of their ruined homes. Business began to revive. The missionaries reopened their schools. Large stores of grain and ammunition were found. The great crowds of Armenian refugees left the mission premises. But there was still much work to be done. After a multitude of such

people had been living, huddled together on the mission compound, much must be done to restore proper living conditions.

In looking back upon the last days of the siege of Van, when indiscriminate slaughter of all, parents and children together, seemed just at hand, we catch an imperfect glimpse—for it can be only such—of what it was to be in such an awful condition; what then must we think of the poor mother, who, driven from her home, takes in her hurried flight, a babe in her arms, a small child on her back, and another, a little older, must be left to wander along alone upon the dreary plain, till exhausted from crying and fear and hunger, it lies down to die!

Do we wonder that the missionary mothers, who were in the midst of such scenes, took for their motto, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ"? Do we wonder that they should have done thus, though it may in some cases have cost them their own lives? The remainder of our sketch will afford an illustration.

XIV

"BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, LOVE YOUR ENEMIES"

WHEN the Turks gave up the siege and fled for their lives, they left some of their number in the city. There were old men, women, and children that they did not take along with them. Besides, there were women and children left in the Moslem villages that the Russian soldiers were "cleaning out." These were left to the revenge that the Armenians, who had suffered such terrible cruelty at the hands of the Turks and Kurds, would be sure to take. Some of these could not be expected to take a magnanimous view of the situation, but smarting under unspeakable wrongs, would be sure to exact "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." So on the leaving of the 5000 Armenian refugees for their homes, about 1000 Turkish refugees were taken in their place. A letter which Mrs. Ussher wrote at this time includes a setting forth of the situation:

"I think there will be no harm in sending off weekly letters, although we have little assurance that you will ever receive them. Our only postal system as yet is what we have through the courtesy of the Russian and Armenian soldiers, who include our letters with theirs, sent by private messenger to the border. Nothing is coming in to us. Our latest word from you was dated February 19th and was received just two months ago. How we long to hear from you, and also to get something more than rumours about the great European war! We can not tell whether our cablegrams have reached Boston, or whether you are in anxiety about us. We hope not.

"It seems queer enough to go into the city and not meet a single Moslem there. But we have enough of them here. One thousand Turkish women and children have taken the place of our 5000 Armenian refugees. When they were here we thought we had our hands full, but that problem was as nothing compared with the situation confronting us now. These thousand fugitives would all have been killed had we not opened our doors to them. They were driven like cattle to our premises.

"Since one week ago yesterday we have been

feeding this hungry multitude, or rather have given them what small rations we could find from our own funds. Now this source of supply has given out, and what to do about it we don't know. To turn them out would mean certain death to them. The villagers have no fields nor animals left. The city refugees have only the blackened ruins of their burned houses. To let them stay, as they want to, in spite of conditions, means that more and more will sicken and die. Hundreds are sick with a dreadful form of dysentery; others have influenza, and measles attack the children. We have bought forty quarts of milk a day, which, with some water mixed, I dole out, a cupful each, to the babies, sick children, and mothers. It takes four hours to heat the milk and distribute it by billet. The eagerness with which they push around the pails shows how hungry the poor creatures are. Besides the milk, they have two pieces of bread a day, and meat, when we can get it. It is hard to get food even at exorbitant prices.

"It would be almost impossible to give you an idea of the hatred the Armenians have for these refugees. We can not wonder that they resent all the cruelty that the Moslems have heaped upon them; but many of these Moslem

women hate Jevdet Beg as intensely as the Armenians do. And they are not responsible for the actions of the government. They occupy what was formerly the orphanage building, and four rooms of the old school house for boys.

"Their condition is better imagined than described. Lying as they do on bare boards, and helpless and hopeless when they become sick, many succumb. It is simply heartrending not to be able to do more for them. We have emptied our dispensary of medicines for them. Mrs. Yarrow and Miss Silliman superintend giving them baths (as many as are well enough) at the rate of forty or fifty a day. This job is hard and expensive, as wood is dear, and the only soap obtainable that which we had bought for the boarding department of the boys' school. This has now to be given up, as almost all of the boys' fathers have been killed, and they must go home to care for mothers and sisters in the villages.

"It seems almost hopeless to prescribe for our sick, for they die at the rate of seven or eight a day. And as the weather grows hotter the case will be worse. But we are doing what we can, and surely some help will come some time. I have not mentioned Miss Rogers's

share of this burden; besides her school duties, she dresses the wounds of about twenty-five every other day, also distributing medicines.

"Besides my work of feeding with the milk, I am trying to get a room in some sort of condition for the sickest ones to use. We can not call it a hospital, but I hire a Turkish woman to look after the sick, so far as she is able, and as soon as possible I will have ten wooden bedsteads put up for the neediest ones. The mattresses for these beds are to be made of the beds brought with the sick Turkish soldiers, re-covered with clean gingham.

"Our hospital continues to be full of Armenians, Turks, and Russians. The latter have no field hospitals, and so send to us all the wounded we can take."

There were other features of this stupendous task of trying to care for a thousand refugees, many of whom were exceedingly filthy and feeble, many sick, and of these a large number dying daily. But I will quote here from another of the missionaries who has written of these days of anxiety and of exhaustive effort, Miss Knapp, in her booklet, "The Mission at Van."



REFUGEES WAITING FOR BREAD

"The effect on its followers of the religion of Islam was never more strongly contrasted with Christianity. While the Armenian refugees had been mutually helpful and self-sacrificing, these Moslems showed themselves absolutely selfish, callous, and indifferent to each other's suffering. Where the Armenians had been cheery and hopeful, and had clung to life with wonderful vitality, the Moslems, with no faith in God, with no hope for the future, bereft now of hope in this life, died like fleas of the prevailing dysentery, from lack of stamina and the will to live.

"The situation became intolerable. The missionaries begged the Russian general to send these people out to the villages, with a guard sufficient for safety, and flocks to maintain them till they could begin to get their living from the soil. He was too much occupied with other matters to attend to us.

"After some time the Countess Alexandra Tolstoi (daughter of the famous novelist) came to Van and took off our hands our 'guests,' though they remained on our premises. She was a young woman, simple, sensible, and lovable. We gave her a surprise party on her birthday, carrying her the traditional cake with candles and crowning her with flowers. She declared she had never had a birthday so delightfully

celebrated in all her life. She worked hard for her charges. When her funds gave out and no more were forthcoming, and her Russian helpers fell ill, she succeeded where we had failed, and induced the general to send the Turks out into the country with provision for their safety and sustenance."

The Armenian people, as a whole, would not have wished to injure these poor Moslem mothers and their children; but there were those whose natural feelings of revenge would have prompted them "to get even" with the men who had inflicted upon them, as a nation, such fearful sufferings. So the work of the missionaries was for the good of both parties, those who would have inflicted retaliatory suffering upon the comparatively innocent, and their victims.

This gave the missionaries a rare opportunity to show the wondrous love of the Christ whom they served, and whose spirit of self-sacrifice they would try to illustrate. The families of the Turks who, at the command of Jevdet Beg, had bombarded, and tried to kill the missionaries with their children,—in return for this, by means of a most extraordinary effort, long continued, and involving work of great natural repulsiveness, they tried to save; and, as a result,

several of their number, contracting typhus, were brought to death's door—being rescued as by miracle—and the precious life of one was blotted out.

XV

THE PARTING

ONE of the severest trials of foreign missionaries results from the necessity of sending their children to the homeland for an education, while they themselves remain in the field. It often involves virtually a life separation; or, at least, till the parents, from old age, are obliged to leave their work. The time had come when Dr. and Mrs. Ussher must part with their first born, a lad of fourteen years. Their plan for sending him to America had been maturing for some months, and only the war had prevented its being earlier carried out. But for this, about a month after the Russians took possession of Van, an unexpected opportunity presented itself.

A gentleman, a newspaper correspondent, and a man who could speak the Russian language, who happened to arrive at Van, and was to leave in a few days for the north, could take the boy with him as far as Moscow. This seemed to be a chance too good to be missed. So prep-

arations were hastily made. Miss Silliman also was to go. At this time Mrs. Ussher writes:

"Just now we happen to have a visitor, an Associated Press correspondent, who has lived in Russia, and knows the country and the language well. He is to return there soon, and he offers to take Miss Silliman and Neville with him as far as Moscow. It has left us very little time to prepare for the journey, but we have decided that they start to-morrow morning. They wish to get off early, and it is almost midnight now. You can easily imagine that we have had a strenuous day. But I can not let Neville go without at least a word to you. He will tell you what would take me hours to write. In addition to packing for him, and getting the food box ready, I have had the whole station here at dinner. So you must excuse me for my hurried writing.

"I don't allow myself to think of Neville's leaving us to-morrow. The separation has come so suddenly at last. Perhaps it is best so. The hard part will be that I shall not know for so long a while whether he has reached you safely or not. We have not yet decided upon the route from Tiflis or Moscow. They may be able to get through by Roumania and Italy. They

may have to cross Siberia. They certainly have a prospect of interesting experiences.

"Clarence is going to take a day off to-morrow, and he and I shall take Neville in our cart, while the other children will go out in the foorgoon of the outgoing party, and come back in the other carts. We shall probably go out about three hours (nine or ten miles) and have our lunch, returning towards evening. Our travellers will ride in a springless foorgoon, which carries their goods as well as themselves.

"It will not be very long now before we, that is, our family, will be making plans to see you. Get Neville to give you all a kiss and a hug for me.

"We can get no word from Miss McLaren, who was taken away with the wounded soldiers when the Turks fled in a panic towards Bitlis. We have telegraphed to Petrograd, and have tried to get messages to her, but her whereabouts are absolutely unknown. We do not even know whether she is dead or alive. The suspense is wearing, but we try to assure ourselves that she and Schwester Martha, her companion are too valuable to the Turks to be injured."

The farewell words, and the committing to the Heavenly Father's care, by the parents, of

the dear boy, about to make an uncertain journey, among a strange people in a strange land, where there was war, and at best obstacles in the way of travel, can not be pictured in our thoughts, much less described. As we try to think of it, our hearts swell with emotions of an unusual sympathy, and that is all.

In a letter of date ten days later, the anxious Mother says she can hear nothing from her boy; but she supposes the party may have reached Moscow. It was really in Tiflis where Miss Silliman was lying sick with a mild attack of typhus. And there also the correspondent of the press, who was to be the necessary guide as far as Moscow, was suspected by the military authorities, and not allowed to go further.

After more than a week of delay for strength to proceed, the young missionary lady and her boy companion went on alone. Without any one who knew them, and without a knowledge of the language of the country, they made their way safely—only having a pair of shoes stolen—up through to Archangel, where they found a boat to sail immediately for America. They passed up into the arctic zone, north of Iceland, amid the fogs and icebergs, and then down on the coast of Greenland, to New York.

At the news of their safe arrival, there was

much rejoicing among their many friends, but the Mother never heard from her boy! And it was little suspected by those who so gladly welcomed him that she had already been for many days removed from all necessity of getting news from him. It is not certain, however, that she did not know all about him; but not from any means or ways of which we may have any conception.

XVI

LAST DAYS

AS conditions in the city and the gardens had become almost unbearable, so many, in a wretched, filthy plight, had sickened and died, filling the air with pestilential odors, and also whooping cough having broken out among the children, it was decided to take those who seemed to need some change most, down to Artemid, for fresh air and a better chance for recovery.

Concerning this outing, and the preparation for it, we may learn in part from the letter of Mrs. Ussher to her absent boy of whose whereabouts and condition she knew nothing at all. She did not even know whether he had lived to reach America. But she, with Dr. Ussher also, was sick in bed with what afterwards proved to be the dreaded typhus. The anxious mother said to her boy that she would write her first letter from Artemid to him. There is more than a suspicion that she may even then have been apprehensive that it might be her

last letter. It was so. It was dated July 5th, 1915.

"My darling Neville:

"My first letter from Artemid shall be to you, my dear boy. It seems so strange to be here without you, as you always enjoyed this place so much. Last Tuesday I came down with three Turkish women and Movses, the carpenter, and we did what we could, from nine o'clock till five, to make this place inhabitable. But you ought to have seen the downstairs room! The day after Mr. Yarrow, Miss Bond and I came down to lock up the house, etc., Antraneg came to this village and the surrounding district, with three or four thousand sheep. A convenient way to count the sheep was to pass them through the front door of our house, through the dining room and kitchen, and so out the back door. As this was done for ten nights, you can imagine the condition of the rooms. We couldn't clean the floors, even with a shovel. When Hyganoosh, Beverly and I came down the next evening, we soaked the floors; and by working five solid hours the next day, and with the use of great quantities of water, we were able to make the boards clean.

"The next day Father brought Eleanor and

Sydney down, and took me back to the city for the lace work—closing the accounts. That night we returned. Father hoped to go back to the city this morning, but for some time he has been exhausted, and Saturday was taken sick, and has been in bed since. His trouble is influenza and fever. As he is better to-day I hope he will soon be strong again.

"The interesting part of it is that I was taken sick with much the same trouble, so we are in bed together; and I am not strong enough to write much this time. We shall both be all right before long. Auntie Grace, with Boghos came down this morning to take care of us, although she had planned to wait till after the school hantess, day after to-morrow. After that Auntie Gertrude and Auntie Buff will probably come down. The Yarrows don't want to come yet. Marian is caring for her sick boy, at the Germans'; and the family have no flour till they can get their wheat ground.

"I hope you do not expect regular letters from us. Only as we send them by occasional travellers to Russia can we be sure of them. The military post refuses to take any more letters for us, and the Armenians have not started a regular route. It will doubtless be a long time before weekly mails are possible.

"This letter is taken by the Countess Tolstoi, who will leave as soon as she can get the Turkish refugees off to the villages. The General is at last as anxious as we to get them to a healthier place, and is hurrying them off—the well, the sick, and the dying. It is about time, for in spite of all that can be done for them, they are dying at the rate of about twenty a day. The upper building is practically ruined by their misuse of it. Baron Stepan declares that the walls are unsafe, and that the floors are saturated.

"The Russian Relief Committee, which promised so much, now says no more relief nor helpers can be sent, so the Countess is going right home from here. Your party probably missed hers at Perigree, as you stayed at different places.

"We wish we knew where you are, and what experiences you have had. Won't you have a lot to write to us about! We do hope you keep well, and did not come down with whooping cough on the route. The three children still cough badly, especially at night.

"Earnest Yarrow has come down with whooping cough, and his father and mother are not well. Otherwise our station members in the city are as usual. We get little news of

fighting near Bitlis. That place will probably soon be taken, as the Turks have been pushed beyond Sarp, and Tadvân has been seized. No word yet from Auntie Kate.

"I know you will share this with the family circle, as I am not strong enough to write more now. Stepan leaves in a little while for the city.

"Much love to yourself, and to all the others, from us all."

"Mother."

The pen which had written so many hundreds of letters was now laid down.

Mrs. Ussher grew more seriously ill, and her disease was seen to be typhus. Dr. Ussher was in the same condition, and it became necessary that the two patients occupy separate rooms. He became so weak, both mentally and physically, that he gave little heed to what was passing around him. He had the fever combined with pneumonia.

She being utterly exhausted at the outset, failed rapidly, and it was seen that she could not resist the disease. At times she was mildly delirious. During a lucid interval, she called her little girl, Eleanor, to her bedside, and not disguising the fact that she knew she must leave her dear ones, she committed them to the care

of her younger sister in the homeland, charging her little daughter to be a good girl, and to give her love to the aunt that was henceforth to be as her new mother. Her strength continued to fail till, on July 14th, she passed into the higher life.

Miss Knapp was unwearied in her care of Mrs. Ussher, and Miss Rogers, and also of Dr. Ussher, for five days, alone, when Miss Bond, being able to leave her own patients in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Yarrow, came to her relief.

Dr. Ussher was now too ill to have any knowledge of what was occurring. For two weeks it was not deemed safe to inform him of his dreadful loss.

The children were kept away, as well as might be, from the infectious disease in the house, and from a knowledge of what was transpiring. The body of their Mother was taken away without their knowledge, as was supposed. They, however, did have some inkling of the facts; and Eleanor said she was well aware that her Mother had died. But it was not thought best that they should look upon the features that were still pleasant in death.

The body was at once taken to the city for burial. Mrs. Raynolds, as one of the last of her countless acts of loving sympathy for suffering



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MRS. USSHER DIED AT ARTAMED

friends, being herself counted among the number needing to be comforted, assisted by Dr. Ussher's sister, lined the casket with pure white cloth, and deposited the precious remains within it. They then covered it with sweet peas—one of Mrs. Ussher's favourite flowers. And after a brief service of words of tenderness and respect by the Armenian preacher, all that was mortal of the loved one was committed to its kindred dust.

Mrs. Raynolds was then little aware that, in a few short days, she herself would follow her young associate, in the work at Van, to the home of the blessed—to the peaceful rest of those who have earned their reward.

XVII

THE RETURN OF THE ENEMY

THE freedom of the Armenians, and their control of matters in Van, after the flight of the Turks, soon came to an end. The Ottoman forces that had been pushed back, after a little, recovered from their defeat, having received large reinforcements, and returned to claim their old places, and to inflict revenge. The Russians were short of ammunition, and in no condition to retain their advantage. So retreat was their only alternative. Now they must flee. They informed the missionaries, and bade them escape without delay. They must forsake everything; they had hardly time to take even proper clothing for their journey. All that was precious to them in their homes must be left for loot or destruction. If they could procure some means for the carrying of the sick, and the feeble, and the children, they would be fortunate. Everything had been "requisitioned," and what should they do? It was an

hour to try the strongest nerves, to say nothing of such as had been reduced to great weakness, by care and watching, by overwork, and sleepless nights.

Dr. Ussher had barely recovered a little from a combination of most serious diseases, and was so weak that he must be carried on a stretcher, with great doubt as to the result. There were others who were still very weak from typhus, and seven little children. One of these was only a babe. Some food must be taken with them or they might starve on the road. For these unfortunate missionaries the problem was such that all the future seemed to be crowded into it. In their desperation the Red Cross came to their assistance. These angels of mercy furnished some ambulances, and in other ways relieved the situation. Mr. Yarrow, rescued as from the grave, was carried in one of these. The long journey was begun. It was nearly two hundred miles before they would reach the railroad running to Tiflis, which place was their objective. Some were obliged to walk, some of the children even, along beside the teams. Their feet became blistered and sore. Some of the ladies were obliged to drive horses, which were not the most gentle. It was from a wagon, the horse attached to which was restless, that Mrs.

Raynolds felt obliged to descend, when she fractured her limb. She suffered much from it.

They were attacked by Turks and Kurds, who fired upon the party, from the hills beside the way. There was then hurrying with all possible speed to get beyond the reach of the bullets. Some were in the wagons, some afoot. Sad it would be for any left behind. Many thousands of Armenians also were crowding on in this dreadful exodus. Old and feeble ones were not able to start with the rest, or, if they did so, could not keep up, and they were all killed. But at last the railroad was reached, and then Tiflis. It was like a miracle of gracious protection that none of the band of missionaries, with their little children, perished by the way.

Dr. Ussher endured the strain of the escape much better than it was thought he could. And after reaching Tiflis, he was again sick unto death, as it seemed, but he recovered, and, with the rest, finally reached the homeland. We are sadly obliged, however, to make one exception. The dear Mother of missionaries at Van, and the friend of the friendless, during the many years of her missionary life, succumbed, in her exhausted condition, to the wearing weariness of the long journey, and the crushing of her

fondly cherished hopes. She went to join, in heavenly blessedness, her younger missionary sister in the work of saving the perishing, and who had not lived to share her experiences in this last tragedy.

News was received of the death of Mrs. Ussher before the arrival of the missionary party. Her many associates and friends, of an earlier or a later date, hastened to assure her parents of their common grief at the loss of one whom they had so dearly loved. These many missives, all repeating essentially the same thing, were a great surprise.

At Northfield Seminary a tablet, dedicated to the memory of their former pupil, was unveiled. The public exercises of the occasion were of marked interest, and left a deep impression upon the minds of the young ladies there. Among others who made addresses, Mrs. Yarrow of Van, spoke with deep emotion of the life of her associate:

"Mrs. Ussher is not dead; she can not die. Her life to me stands out radiant and glorious, as a forest, touched with hoar frost, becomes a sight of wondrous beauty. Her motherhood was beautiful. I always looked upon her as a model in the conduct of her home and children.

"And also in the busy mother and home-maker there was developed a quite unusual ability to plan and carry through a project which demanded careful account keeping, a good, level head, and a plenty of American push. She started a new industrial work in Van to meet the great need of employmnt for women and girls. This lace industry was a great success. It gave decent employment to a large number of women, paid for itself, and often had a surplus for other branches of labour. Mrs. Ussher not only managed the girls, and the thousands of yards of lace they made, but she also got the market for the output.

"Some time ago she fell on the ice, on her way to the lace house, injuring her back very seriously. For months she was often in hard pain. But she never spoke of herself, and least of all of her suffering.

"I remember how, one Easter morning, as we started out on our day's calling, according to the beautiful Armenian custom, it came to me as a shock, when some one said, 'Mrs. Ussher is not calling to-day.' I knew how bad her back must be to keep her from calling; and yet so cheerful and natural had she seemed, that no one would suspect the intensity of the pain she was enduring.

"To try to save the starving Mohammedan women and children was a harder task than anything we had known before; but Mrs. Ussher took hold of this new job with the same never-to-be-downed spirit that came over in the Mayflower. The sight of little children dying from slow starvation filled her whole soul with impelling sympathy. At one time she took two little babies to her home, and cared for them as tenderly as if her own. So she loved the people to whose redemption she had given her life. I think it would not have been an unpleasant thought to her that her last resting place should be among them.

"And so we left her there. But I do not think of her as dead in the deserted graveyard of the city she loved, now destroyed. I think of her as she lived—a mother, sweet, bright, wholesome. I think of her as the missionary, whose deep, loyal love for the Master made her 'count it all joy' to do hard, seemingly impossible, things, and to do them cheerfully. Elizabeth Barrows Ussher! Her glory was in losing her life to find it."

Mrs. Sue Norton Sterrett, a Northfield student and for some time a missionary at Van, writes:

"Two characteristics come to mind and stand out prominently as I think of Mrs. Ussher in her life at Van—her self-forgetfulness and the indefatigable spirit with which she worked. She gave unstintingly of herself and was ever thinking of the pleasure and comfort of others, and ever doing numberless things to help them, even though tired and suffering herself, so that one seeing her cheerfulness, would not guess her physical weakness. She was a real homemaker, a wise and devoted mother, a kind hostess, and a leader in work among women and the poor and the needy.

"In addition to home duties, she had school with her children, attended and led meetings for women, made calls at their homes, and carried on a lace business, with at times a hundred or more workers, with whom she maintained personal relations. Besides superintending the lace-making, she had charge of the accounts and correspondence, and also of preparing the lace for shipment.

"She did her full share and more. It would have been natural and excusable had she neglected letter-writing, but she was a faithful correspondent. I am sure that many besides myself have enjoyed her letters. In one of these she asked me to go to Van, and I am deeply

thankful that she did. It was a great privilege to live and work with her, and the other members of that happy circle.

"She was a person of marked ability, nevertheless she did not lean upon her own strength, but on the Lord whom she loved and served devotedly, for whose sake she laid down her life."

Miss Knapp also writes:

"Mrs. Ussher literally laid down her life—not for her friends in the earthly sense of that word—but for members of the race that shortly before had threatened her, and all those that she loved, with a merciless death. As she had worked for the sick Armenian refugees in her overflow hospital, during the siege, so she worked for the Moslem refugees after the siege. She performed the most menial service for them, shrank from no loathsomeness when she could relieve suffering; was unfailingly pitiful, and patient, and tender. She took motherless babies into her home, and cared for them as if her own until she could find homes for them. She had especial tenderness for all little children.

"As a teacher her keen intellect, her zest for

knowledge and research, her rich stores of original thought, deeply and permanently influenced her pupils. As a mother she was ideal, as a friend loyal, and helpful, and loving. In every relation of life, with her unswerving devotion to duty, her unflinching fortitude under suffering, and her forgetfulness of self, she showed forth the Christ within her. Her life was a shining forth of His glory; it was a strain of heavenly music, every note true, and strong, and sweet, and inspiring.

"Her grave is now unmarked and lonely; but we hope that beside it will soon rise, as a fitting memorial of her self-sacrifice, a hospital which will minister to the physical and spiritual needs of a sorely stricken people."

XVIII

IS THE WORK OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDED AT DEATH?

IT seems to be. And if so, some questions arise which are answered with difficulty. Why does death come so soon to many who are best of all fitted to do good? Side by side with these are individuals whose aim does not seem to be to help others to have and enjoy the best things. Indeed there are many whose lives appear to be self-centred; who do not make the world any better for their living in it. They have even made it much worse, and do not seem disposed to change their ways of living. Such often continue in the world, to the world's injury, while the persons whose lives are filled with benevolent activity, are in their youth taken from it.

Why then under the beneficent government of God, who desires all men to be saved, is the injurious man permitted to stay in the world, while the man who does the world good is not? If it were to save the wicked man, there would

seem to be some reason for such a state of things, but it is the testimony of observation that the longer a person lives in this world the less he is inclined to make any radical change in the ways and ends of living.

Why is the active, devoted young person who "works righteousness," often the first to be cut off by death? From the earliest times this seems to have been so. Abel died, Cain lived. According to the generally accepted record, it would not seem that it was good for the rest of mankind that Cain should live. Would not Abel have been a desirable person to have lived long among others, a blessing to all?

Why did young Jonathan die on Mount Gilboa? Was not the world then sadly in need of all who would show to others the sweetness of pure and loving friendship?

Why was young Stephen, who would have continued to be a help and an encouragement to others through his bold witnessing for Jesus, and whose face was as the face of an angel, doomed to have that sweet face bruised and battered unto death by the stones of the insane Sanhedrin? Was there not then sore need of just such men as he?

And when a little later a delicate Christian woman like Perpetua, was thrown into the arena

to the lions, was there no power on earth or in heaven to save her alive? The world could ill afford to lose such a witness to the truth as was she.

Was not the life of John Huss of far greater value to the world than that of his persecutors? Why should there be a power that could prevent his ever doing more for mankind?

And coming to later times, note the many who have begun their work of trying to save men only to end it! Did they thus do all? Had it been forbidden that they should do more of that which their loving hearts had prompted them to begin?

How was it with Henry Martyn when he laid down his wondrous young life at Tocat? Had he done all? Had Mrs. Harriet Atwood Newell, when she reached the Isle of France only to die there? Had Mrs. Mary Hawes Van Lennep, at Constantinople? And shall we ask concerning Adams who when dying in Africa, soon after his arrival, had a vision of Africa redeemed? Should he not have stayed to assist in its redemption? Could he stop just there, and do nothing?

And shall we ask for the thoughts and the longings of heart, of a Chapin in India, a Pitkin in China, a Merriam in Bulgaria, a

Giles at Cesarea, or a Lobdell at Mosul? They were only permitted to begin the work they loved. And further, to speak of Labaree, of Rogers, of Holbrook, of Leslie—what shall we say? All that they had they gave in loving devotion, facing danger and death in the path of duty. Had they done all that they set out to do? Could they be satisfied with no opportunity to do more?

And had Mrs. Ussher accomplished as much as she so fondly hoped to? At one time when attacked with a sudden and serious illness, she wrote:

"I did not feel as if I could go then, I had done so very little."

When at last she had reached the end, did she feel any better satisfied with what she had accomplished? Probably not. The more one does in the kingdom of heaven here on earth, the more he sees that must be done; and the more eagerly he would have a part in it.

Is it then possible that the dying saint, coming to the end of his service of God here, enters upon a life of inactivity and repose? Such a thing can not be reasonably supposed. It would do violence to the very constitution of our being.

It would not be felicity; it would not be enjoyment. Is it not then the only reasonable supposition that when the Christian, passing through the gate of death, enters into a higher life, he at the same time enters into a broader field of usefulness? Instead of being cut off, in his youth or in the midst of his days, comparing his present with his past, it may be said that he has now begun that service of his God, in his gracious and glorious kingdom, in which alone he can fulfill the purpose of his creation.

And where, and for whom, shall this his higher service be rendered? Will it be for some beings, in some of God's "many mansions" far away, and before unknown? May we not rather believe that it will be rendered to the dear ones left on earth, and to the multitudes that should be saved? "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" We are not to think that they who have passed on before us, cease to know anything of us, and can not in any way help us. It is probable that they can render us, in our attainments in the spiritual life, a far more important service than was possible while they were here with us in the body; and that the sphere of their activity has

been immeasurably enlarged. How was it with Jesus, our Lord Christ? His being is a mystery, far beyond our comprehension. But at the same time, we may know some things concerning him. God dwelt in him; he was what we may know of God as our Father and Friend; but he was really and truly a man. As a man he had a human body, subject to human limitations. But he said unto his disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away." After that he would come again, not to be with a few only, as in the body, but to be everywhere present; the sphere of his activity to be changed from the finiteness of his bodily existence to the infinitude of his own eternal life. After that He could not only be present with His believing ones everywhere, but He could do for His then present disciples what while in the body He could not. It was profitable for them, and also profitable for the whole world, that He pass through the change of death.

And shall not the experience of those he was graciously pleased to call His brethren, because made in the image of God, and possessing the spirit of God as their essential life, be in some respects like His? Shall they not also be able to do more for the salvation of others, after

they have passed into the glorious possibilities of their eternal state?

Do we ask how this can be? We can not know. Jesus is not seen now as He was seen by His disciples when in the body. But those who are His now know more of Him than they did who were with Him when in the body. We know not the process by which we are enabled to enter into the fellowship of Christ in the spiritual life. There is nothing which we can see, or hear, or handle with our hands. But we do know the reality of it. There is nothing in the possible assistance given to us by our departed friends, which we can see or hear or handle with our hands; but it may be just as real as the presence of Christ.

Would we might see our dear ones in their present broader, higher, and holier sphere of activity! But let us devoutly thank God for them as they are—and wait.

XIX

WAS IT LIFE THROWN AWAY, OR ACHIEVEMENT—WHICH?

IT is not in human nature to wish to incur the disrespect of mankind. Even such as have become confused in their thought of what is worthy of the approval of others, can hardly hold life desirable, if all these show that they think there has been a fatal mistake, and that the consequent failure is alone the fault of the one who has suffered by it. It may be admitted that one can not know the future, and that the destruction of one's expectations may sometimes be like the wind—no one knowing whence it cometh—but to be thought to have deliberately taken such a course as to invite disaster, even a disaster that is overwhelming —this is to a sensitive soul well-nigh unendurable. There must be some possible excuse for such result, or the sun of one's life will have set with no hope of another day.

And now concerning the young martyr missionary at Van what must be the verdict?

What does the world think? Are there many who say in their hearts, if not openly, "What a pity that one so well fitted to live a life of great gratification to herself, and of usefulness to others, should have given all she had to a project, where it might have been seen that failure would be certain?"

"Why should 'Sweet Beth,' as her schoolmates so fondly called her, who, with opportunity for education and culture, had fitted herself to move in influential circles, to take a place in the best society—why should she hide herself away among a people who could have but scant appreciation of what she would do for them? Remaining at home, she would have had abundant opportunity for usefulness. Was it necessary that she should let the advantage which her training had given her, slip away unused?"

But did she thoughtlessly throw away that which by years of study and discipline she had acquired? Does not the asking of such a question betray an imperfect conception of the condition of the world to-day? Does it not imply a disregarding of the fact that the unfortunate and belated peoples are anxiously asking for, or, it may be, blindly groping towards, some light that will lead them to a truer and a hap-

pier life? Does not the asking of such a question reveal an overlooking of that preparation which is necessary for one who would labour successfully in the foreign mission field? Is anywhere else the most thorough preparation more imperatively needed?

But to look at this matter from another point of view, we may ask, What is the true end of living? What should one set before one's self as the goal to be reached?

If life ought to be satisfactory when each day brings its desired gratifications, if that is enough, then surely Beth Barrows's life was thrown away. If daily amusement, something which will relieve one of serious thought of one's self or of others, is the end sought, then her life was indeed thrown away. If expensive apparel and glittering jewels, with social functions for their display, is the end sought, then her life was thrown away. If gratification in self-culture, the study of literature and the fine arts, with no effort to impart to others what is acquired, if this is the end of living, then she did throw her life away. If pious exercises, like attending church, partaking of sacraments, meditation and repeating of prayers, with little or no thought of trying to save the unsaved,—if this is the end of Christian attainment, then

her life of constant outreaching, of self-denying effort, was thrown away.

But if, on the other hand, it is true that she caught something of the spirit of the Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, then she began to save, for the best use, what she had acquired. If she perceived that the sinful peoples who have been long groping in their blindness, not only need instruction but also human sympathy, which, in its power to save, is made divine, then her resolving to go to the foreign field was not an unnatural thing to do. She did not thus throw her life away. If she was impressed with the thought that the little light that one individual Christian may shed is of far greater use when shining in darkness than where there is already illumination, it was certainly a reasonable purpose of hers to go, for her life work, far away from her own Christian home. If she heard the blessed Lord's last command to His disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and knowing that she herself was able to go, said "Here, Lord, I am, send me," such act of obedience could not be characterized as erratic or unwise.

In fine, if, in her choosing what course to take, what work to do, the entering into the pur-

pose of God to convert the unfortunate and undeveloped peoples of the world into such as shall at last form part of the innumerable hosts of the glorified humanity of the eternal ages, if this could absorb, and hold unswervingly to the end, her thoughts all through her days of study in school and college, then, after years of successful service, often difficult but always happy, the passing of her life from the little summer cottage on the beautiful lake in the land of Ararat, to the unseen realm of a new existence —to a broader vision, a higher service, and a blessedness that shall have no end—can hardly have been an event concerning which one may properly ask, Was all this worth the while?

It is written, "Behold I make all things new." And so the promise, bright with immortality: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life."

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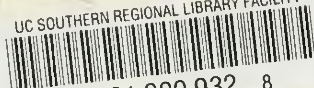
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